



OR GEMS OF

## LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Me other cares in other climes engage,  
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;  
In various knowledge to instruct my youth,  
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;  
By foreign arts, domestic faults to mend,  
Enlarge my notions and my views extend;  
The useful science of the world to know,  
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.

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### ALI BEY.

WE have, in the picture of ALI BEY, the portrait of a traveller, who wrote one of the most singular productions presented for many years to the public; a work composed in the name of a "Musulman: a descendant of the illustrious family of the Abassides;" the original of which is in French, and is supported by a fictitious account of his birth and family. The London publisher determined to cast off a part of the veil, and to represent Ali Bey as no other than a Spaniard, travelling in the guise of a Moham-medan, who was personally known, they add, to Sir Joseph Banks, and other literati, having visited England in 1802 and 1814. As a farther proof of the authenticity of the work, they quote a passage from a letter from Monsieur Chateau-brand, who met Ali Bey at Alexandria, and who, in his usual style of amplification, describes the traveller as "the most polished and knowing Turk living."

To these circumstances, communicated in the preface to the travels, we are now enabled to add, from an American, formerly a resident at Tripoli, that Ali Bey's real name is Badiâ Y. Leblîch; that he is a Spaniard, born in 1766; that he was educated at the University of Valencia; that, having acquired the Arabic language, and familiarized himself with Mussulman usages, he undertook his great journey in 1802, with the tacit sanction of the Spanish Government; and that he obtained from Godoy, (who was then all powerful at that Court, and who was so long known to the world by the unmerited name of Prince of the Peace,) an engagement for an annuity to his wife and daughter, in return for the public benefit that might be expected from this expedition.

Furnished with this important preliminary, and provided with the necessary stock of money, presents, and other means of travelling, Ali Bey (as we must continue to call him,) set out from the southern coast of Spain, in June 1803. His pe-

reginations occupied between four and five years, and embraced a wide tract of country then little known. The leading outline may be collected from the following sketches:—

I. Residence in the Morocco dominions for two years.

II. Voyage to Egypt, and journey across the country to Suez.

III. Pilgrimage to Mecca.

IV. Return by the way of Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, and Constantinople.

Previously to the commencement of his journey to these regions of barbarism and superstition, our traveller had not only adopted the dress and appearance necessary for the support of his assumed character, but also underwent the painful operation necessary to prevent detection, and to prove his adherence to the rights of Islamism. Assuming the Mussulman from the outset, Ali Bey begins with an invocation in Arabic, the first words of which are, "Praise to God, the Mightiest, the Immense." He proceeds to mention his passage across the Straits of Gibraltar to Tangier, where, when he arrived, he found himself in as different a part of the world as if he had traversed a thousand miles of European ground.

He soon had an opportunity of being introduced to the Emperor, or Sultan of Morocco, Muley Soliman, who happened to come to Tangier soon after. No sooner had he offered the customary presents, than he was very kindly received, the Sultan condescending to make him read aloud to him, and even to correct his pronunciation of Arabic. A further acquaintance led our traveller to shew his Camera Obscura to his Moorish Majesty, and to the observation of two eclipses which Ali foretold; the result of all this was that, besides other presents, the Sultan gave him a large estate, of which there is in the book a very prolix description.

From Tangier he proceeded to Fez, and thence to the city of Morocco, where the Sultan, with his usual magnificence, presented him with two

females, the one fair, the other of the African dye, but he scarcely visited them, and they were left behind. The Emperor wished him to remain in his dominions, but Ali was not to be persuaded, and with additional presents, embarked for Tripoli.

Here he fascinates every body, and after some time spent in observation, he embarked for Alexandria, but was driven by contrary winds to the island of Cyprus; his time was now spent in the survey of its classical antiquities, as well as those of other islands. At Alexandria he remained five months, and in the autumn proceeded up the Nile to Cairo, from whence he travelled with a caravan across the Desert to Suez, whence he embarked, and after a passage of great length, and some hazard, landed at Djedda, a harbour in the Red Sea; from which a journey of two days brought him to the Holy City of Mecca; the ceremonies there, he describes minutely, but their rehearsal here would exceed our limits.

The traveller's curiosity was strongly excited in regard to Medina, the second Holy City of the Mussulmans, and he determined to visit it. Setting out, he was robbed by the Wahabees, and losing his baggage was obliged to return to the coast, and proceeded through Palestine. To comprehend fully his account of this delightful country, it would be necessary to have recourse to his engravings.

We next find him at Jerusalem; and then at Jaffa, which, with other portions of the Holy Land, he describes at much length, and well. Damascus and Aleppo, also came within the range of his searching eye. The journey from the latter place to Constantinople, afforded nothing remarkable: on arriving there he resided with the Spanish Ambassador, taking the precaution to have the apartments fitted up in the Turkish manner; a precaution which, however, would not have availed him, if it had been known that he, a Spaniard and a Christian, had dared to set his feet within the Sacred Kaaba of Mecca. His account of Constantinople is curious. The book is concluded with the relation of the journey from thence to Bucharest, written by another person.

Here the narrative ends, but as we are enabled from an undoubted source, to add, that he came to Paris in 1808, soon after the completion of his journey; and that he was supposed to have had previously, an understanding with Bonaparte, whose projects of conquest, in fact, bear a considerable resemblance to his own wanderings. Be this as it may, he had little difficulty in obtaining from the French Court a favorable testimonial, with which he went to Madrid; and he was occupied in publishing his book, when his Imperial Patron commenced his usurpation of the Spanish crown. King Joseph Bonaparte appointed Ali Bey in 1810, to be Intendant of Segovia, and in the next year Prefect of Cordova; but fortune soon seemed to envy him his new honours, and condemned him, after the decisive day of Vittoria, to fly with his dethroned sovereign across the Pyrenees, and to take refuge in Paris, where he continued to reside for some time, seeming, at the last account of him, to regard that capital as his permanent abode; his

daughter was married to M. de Sales, a member of the Institute.

His narrative in the main, is deemed authentic, though some of the details exceed credibility.

### SLEEP.

Sleep hath its own world,  
A wide realm of wide reality. WASH.

SLEEP hath a wide and mighty realm  
Of bright, unfettered things,  
When every wild and wayward thought,  
A wilder shadow flings.

Thoughts flash on thoughts, and visions rise  
With an entrancing power;  
The mighty lapse of ages seems  
The drama of an hour!

How many withered hearts do feel  
The gush of hope again!  
Live o'er their time of sorrow here,  
Without its bitter pain.

The felon in his dreary cell,  
Finds in his heavy sleep,  
A thousand sweet and blissful thoughts  
Around his senses creep.

Feels the clanking fetters break,  
The deed of sin removed,  
And presses close the phantom breast  
Of one he dares not love.

The captive, on some foreign strand,  
Far from his native shore,  
Sees in that sleep, when visions come,  
His happy home once more.

Gathers his loved ones round his knee—  
And talks of grief and pain,  
Until the joyous spirit soars  
Above the captive's chain.

The aged have their dreams—the one  
Of three score years and ten,  
Dreams upon the verge of time,  
That he is young again.

Feels the rich blood rush through his veins,  
The fire of youth mount high,  
And echoes the shout of happy ones,  
In mild and stirring cry.

All have their dreams—their glowing dreams,  
In the still hour of sleep,  
When the winged thoughts in wild array,  
Across the senses sweep.

All have their dreams—and there are some  
That come in waking hours,  
And bright and wayward images,  
Float round with mystic power.

When thought leads thought in mazy round,  
And busy fancy's free,  
Mocking the visions of the night,  
In thrilling energy.

All have their dreams—delusive dreams!  
And doubly blest are they,  
Who peaceful pass this troubled life  
In one sweet dream away. KARMA.

A poet that fails in writing, becomes often a morose critic. The weak and misapplied white wine, makes at length, excellent vinegar.—*Shakespeare*

From the Saturday Evening Post.

## ROSALIE VANE:

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

So young, so fair,  
Good without effort, great without a foe,  
But now a bride and mother—and now there!  
How many ties did that stern moment tear!

BYRON.

Nor the most beautiful, but by far the loveliest girl, I ever met with, was Rosalie Vane. The child of very handsome parents; she could not well be otherwise than resembling them in this particular; and with less regular beauty than either father or mother, few of her sex were in appearance so sweet and engaging. Her's was not the faultless symmetry of Grecian models—the glow and grandeur of Circassian perfection; neither had she the brilliancy of French, nor the picturesque and passionate expression of Spanish beauty: her aspect rather realized our idea—not of a Helen or a Dione—but of Psyche, the young, the pure, the lovely. With a profusion of rich brown curls, and a complexion as clear and fresh as the lilies and roses of the fabled Aurora, the chief and distinguishing charm of this fair creature, lay in the delicious emanation that seemed to breathe from her whole face and form, of that feeling, which we have the authority of Scripture for believing, to be the essence of the Deity himself. There was *Love* in the languishing and soul-lit glance of her deep-blue eyes—love in her soft dimples, and the wreathed smiles ever playing about her ruby lips—love in the low, liquid tones of her melting voice: in a word, she looked and moved a perfectification of the tender passion, as fervent and as charming as the Veronese Juliet. Her person was below the middle height—but exquisitely moulded, though rather inclining to the fullness and voluptuous swell, so prized in the beauties of the East.

Nor was it outward loveliness alone, that adorned this sweet being; for she was as good as fair, as artless as intelligent, as full of simplicity as of accomplishment and grace. In manner, gay, and yet gentle, modest, though free,—her intellectual gifts and attainments were like herself, sensible, feminine, and elegant. Soft as a seraph, to which order of angels her name belonged, dependents, school-fellows and acquaintances alike idolized her mild and gracious incapability of a violent or unkind emotion; and when, in the bloom of girl-hood, she returned, after a long absence, from the Northern seminary, at which her education was completed, to her natal halls,—it was to be welcomed by high and low—at home and abroad, with such a jubilee, as after a Greenland winter, might hail the re-appearance of the diurnal luminary. And this sun-shine, did Rosalie Vane continue, through life, to diffuse around the domestic hearth, and the haunts of social glee.

And fortune had been as kind to Miss Vane as nature. She was an heiress, not merely of immense wealth—but of the moral nobility attached to a name, on which attended universal respect and esteem. Her father, admired as a most gallant and polished gentleman—the Ches-

terfield of America—was a patrician *par excellence*, and at the head of Washington society—not in virtue of official—for of that he stood in no need—but of private and personal dignity. As opulent as the ownership of one-half of the City, and a good third of its principal Bank, could make him,—he was even richer in talent and sterling weight of character—and had moreover drawn a high prize in that most hazardous of lotteries: to wit, the hymeneal. The lady, wooed and won by a cavalier so highly gifted, and at that time a prominent member of Congress, from his native State of New York, had much beauty, a most amiable disposition, and a large inheritance to recommend her. The mother of the orphan, the friend of the destitute; she was revered as a public benefactress; having founded several charities to sanctify and perpetuate her name. Their union, so fertile in all the elements of happiness, had been long and prosperous, as the merit of the parties deserved—and was further cemented by the birth of one child, their darling Ann-Rosalie.

During the infancy and childhood of her daughter, Mrs. Vane had figured as the first in all fashionable circles—and upheld the honours of her state and station, with a success that more than justified the admiration of her doating husband. He, himself, one of the few Americans who could afford to live without professional exertion and emolument, as that most enviable of characters, a private gentleman,—was of the most refined and luxurious tastes; and these, together with his high style of living, drew around him all that was courtly and consequential in the promiscuous assemblage of metropolitan life. Possessed of a great indirect political influence, he was courted by all parties, and surrendered himself to none. Proud, high-minded, and feeling that it was his office to lead, not follow: he was in situation, bearing, and character, the Earl Grey of our Republic; (of course, I refer to that nobleman before he took office.)

Thus holding himself free from the trammels of place or party, General Vane occupied his time in the care of his vast property, and the enjoyment of social and domestic bliss, such as rarely blesses our lot below. The foreign representatives at the Federal City, stationary and transient, praised and frequented his house, as superior to their own Hotels; all strangers desirous of mixing with the *élite of ton*, had to bring letters to its President; and to be seen at Vane House—to exchange a word or bow, in public, with either of the distinguished couple—were privileges of which numbers were vehemently ambitious, though mostly “doomed to disappointment dire.” And if such was the state of things *before* the advent of the lovely heiress, it may be supposed that the force of attraction did not lessen *afterwards*. The elegant owners of Mansion Square, as their town residence was called, had always studied a nice selection of visitors; and now the difficulty of admittance to them, was increased ten-fold. Parents introducing a beautiful daughter to the world, have been well likened to travellers bearing a precious charge through a country infested with numerous and fierce robbers; and without exactly proceeding upon this principle, Gen. Vane and

his lady found themselves beset with those anxieties and apprehensions inseparable from the parental relation. Their sole and charming child was surrounded and solicited on all sides; society wooed her as its brightest ornament—no fashionable *réunion* was held complete without her—no young aspirant of *ton* was satisfied unless he could gain permission to dangle in her train. Lovers came not by scores, but in troops; and the fair Rosalie reigned the queen of a little court; where the suitors and imitators contended for the distinction of her notice. Thus circumstanced, it behooved her natural guardians to be doubly *exclusive*—and so they were. A breath stains the surface of a crystal mirror; and the parents of my heroine, in their delicate sense of propriety, held the mere casual contact with many persons, generally circulating in society, to be contamination to a pure and polished young lady: so, soon none, save the highest and most irreproachable in the land, stood a chance of presentation to the sweet “sovereign of the hour.”

Meanwhile Miss Vane's air, Miss Vane's dress, Miss Vane's attitudes were commented upon by all ambitious of an *extérieur distingué*. The characteristic of her manner, was a fine simplicity, happily exemplified when she sat at the harp. I have seen her portrait in this attitude, which embellished King's Gallery for a short time, where this pervading tone of “plain grace,” is so admirably caught and expressed, as absolutely to enliven the canvass. I have gazed on it for hours, in mournful admiration and wonder, that a creature so spotless and so exquisite, should have been decreed to pass away so soon, and so sadly from existence. Insensibly, with these melancholy musings, would mingle the remembrance of my impressions when I first saw her in the glow and freshness of youth and hope: then life seemed opening its pathway before her, through a vista, carpeted with velvet, strewn with roses, and overcanopied with the garniture of splendour and love. Her sweet, confiding frankness of manner, the chastened vivacity of her graceful mirth—her father, too, following her every motion, with rapture in his eye—her mother's accents, softening into exulting tenderness, as she presented me—an old friend of the family—to her daughter, her Ann; the whole scene would appear plain and palpable before me. That group is indelibly impressed on my memory, as one, not only of the deepest interest, but forming a rare picture of beauty. It was a *trio unique* in personal endowments: the General, just in his prime, and a most handsome man—Mrs. Vane, her charms matured, not changed—and near her that fair girl, in the first blush of youth, like Summer and Spring, standing side by side.

At the period of my introduction to her, Rosalie had just reached the zenith of felicity. She had been the object of numberless proposals—but still the paternal sanction authorized none; and the daughter, as docile and guileless as a pet lamb—and her sensibilities not yet awakened on this paramount point, appeared to commit the matter entirely to his wiser care. At length, however, the happy man came; but, though he saw, he conquered not, at first. This was the son of a Carolinian, of senatorial rank, and great

estate; to say nothing of his family, which was one of the oldest and haughtiest among the Southern aristocracy. The personal gifts of the lover in question, equalled his worldly advantages; and he loved the pretty Miss Vane, as few are capable of loving. She alone

“Heard, felt and seen,  
Possessed his every thought—”

and his ardour eventually awakened in her gentle bosom, a sentiment as tender, if less warm. The General, though from the first, approving the overtures of this candidate, knew the full value of the treasure in his hands, and was, in proportion, cautious and chary of parting lightly with it. In truth, neither himself nor Mrs. Vane, relished the idea of giving away their idol thus early to another; but as they began to see how much her heart was in the match—parental fondness, as usual, sacrificed itself—and after a courtship of two years and better preparations were at last making for the marriage of Rosalie Vane, to Arthur Morrison. These were conducted on a scale of magnificence conformable with the wealth and grandeur of the parties—and necessarily consumed much time in their completion.

The wedding day arrived; it was one which summer seemed to have adorned expressly for the occasion; and the stately chamber of Pension Square, glowing with paintings and exotics, and its finished gardens, equal to pointed beauty, to that of Shenstone, were thrown open after the ceremony, to a coterie of the *grand monde*. The privilege of intimacy, entitled me to be present at the marriage, and I went thither, rejoicing in the simplicity of my heart, at the happy prospects of one, so perfect and as pleasing, as mere humanity can be. As I approached the bridal abode, the white walls of Vane House, gleaming from amid its screen of verdant vines, and “tall ancestral trees”—its balmy groves stirred by the whispering zephyr, and the superb grounds, with their perfumed bowers and green recesses, bounded by Potomac's silvery waves, seemed to smile with a gayer beauty—to breathe a fresher and more luxurious charm; and by contrast with the stifling dust and heat and noise of the streets I had just left, the whole demesne realized the poetic dreams of Eden, in its earliest hour of coolness and repose. And yet, an angel was about leaving this, her native Paradise, for another yet untried, though giving promise of an even dearer joy—a more extatic bliss. Groups of servants with their holy-day clothes and countenances on, laughed and loitered about the portico and vestibule; and every thing around, even to inanimate objects, appeared to brighten under the sunny influence of the festive hour.

Being shown in, and finding myself almost the first arrival, I made my way, in order to replace a book, towards the library, where I unexpectedly encountered the first and most touching scene of the nuptial day. I stopped, unseen, at the door, to survey the two persons within. The young bride, not yet

“Clad in her bridal robes, of taintless white,”  
but in a *négligé*, whose unstudied elegance adorned her anew, half reclined in a caressing



attitude at her father's feet—her fair cheek resting on his knee—her sweet face bathed in tears—and yet in a glow of blushes and smiles, upturned to his. The General, as he concluded something that he was addressing her with great earnestness, stooped down and kissed her brow; then, as starting from her recumbent posture, she threw her graceful arms about his neck,—he caught her by one of the long, loose ringlets that waltowed down her alabaster throat,—and clipping it off, carefully hid away in his bosom this last memorial of his virgin daughter. In the deep emotion of that moment, neither observed me;—so I stole away softly to the Long Drawing-room, appointed for the performance of the conjugal solemnity, and which, in addition to the usual splendid furniture, was hung with draperies of white silk, and filled with fragrance from the rare flowers of an adjoining conservatory.

At last the French clock on the marble mantle piece, struck the hour of noon. The invited guests were all assembled, among them the Rector of St. John's; in full canonicals, and suavity of clerical complaisance—the white gloves and silver favours duly distributed—all preliminary observances properly gone through—and the bridegroom, who in excess of proud rapture, seemed transported out of himself, led down the lovely heiress, about to be made his own. An involuntary murmur, expressive of admiration and envy, ran through the male part of the company; while among the ladies, I overheard sundry emphatic whispers in praise of "those divine pearls," and "perfect silver flowers." Never did Rosalie look so coy and so captivating. She was dressed in white satin, and deeply veiled in the richest lace; there was a shy and tremulous radiance in her down-ward glance—the soft flush of maiden timidity on her transparent cheek; and yet she came forward with an elegant, and even easy air. I thought of Milton's lines, as applicable:

"Grace was in all her steps—Heav'n in her eye—  
In every gesture, dignity and love."

It is a strange and sympathetic thing to witness—that ceremony coeval with the creation—the first ordinance assigned by Heaven to man. There is naught else on earth that so excites and blends contrary and yet consentaneous emotions. That sacred form of words, so simple yet solemn, acts as a talisman of mightier potency, than all that the world of nature or magic can besides produce. It consecrates or curses a new existence—it identifies two individuals as "one indivisible"—and the end of its bonds is with one at least, to be the end of time. Sensations, sad, uncertain, and yet sweet—all that is gay and gentle—all of power to thrill or soothe the soul, comes clustering around that single and charmed era of life. Joy and grief, modesty and love, pride and humility, hope alternating with fear, delight qualified by dread, alike wait upon the union of hearts and hands: and this was truly such.

The holy book is opened, and all eyes rivetted on the fair bride, who bore herself with a mingled majesty and modesty; how different from the nervous affectation of sentimental airs and

graces, wherewith many young ladies disfigure the most interesting moment of their lives. Here was nothing of this absurd pretence, no assumption of false feeling and bad taste; and the gentle seriousness, the intense yet chastened fervour, the low yet distinct firmness of tone, with which the promissary responses were made, invested the ceremony, impressive as it always is, with additional solemnity and effect.

It was over; the fitting vows had been spoken—the awful compact, indissoluble through weal and woe, entered into; the young couple were pronounced man and wife—and Miss Vane was no more! Then came the pleasing bustle of kissing and wishing joy; and Rosalie, for the first time, both trembled and wept, as her mother folded the beloved child, now appertaining to another, in a long and silent embrace, whence she passed into her fond father's arms. But marriage, after all, is a joyous, not a melancholy celebration; and this passed off amid smiles and gratulations, as sincere as they were gladdening. An exquisite collation, which would have done honour to Udé's science, was doubly enjoyed amid the refreshing shades and perfumed coolness of the gardens; and I left the mansion and its splendid circle of guests, believing that if ever Heaven looked down auspiciously on a "connubial league," it was on that amiable girl, whom I had just seen put off the maiden, and assume the matron.

Immediately after this happy espousal, my affairs recalled me to a distant home: I left Washington, but not before the departure of the new-married pair. Time went by, and at the year's end, I found it necessary to visit the Capital on some old business. My first inquiries at the hotel, were for friends, the Vanes. I knew that their sweet daughter had accompanied her husband to the South, where her bridal tour had resembled the triumphal progress of a princess; I had also heard, that after a twelve-month of rapture, she had presented her adoring Arthur with a source of loftier happiness—of a more abiding beatitude of exalted feeling—in a fine son—and that the birth had taken place at her father's house, where the young couple still were. The person, whom I now questioned about them, handed me the morning's paper; I glanced over the paragraph he pointed out: it was an obituary! Gracious God! my queries were fearfully answered—my curiosity—the prompting of sincere regard—in an instant extinguished: Mrs. Morrison was dead! The star of hope and happiness to so many fond hearts, was lost—its lovely light quenched—and for ever. The young, the innocent, the idolized, had been snatched away in her prime; the greedy grave stood open for its tenant; and I, who had last made one at her marriage-feast, now read the mournful bidding to her obsequies. For some time I felt too much shocked to ask for particulars of this sudden catastrophe, but I could not escape hearing them in detail; for every body was full of the sad subject. The loveliest of wives, and of women, had died of a low fever, contracted before her confinement, but not till after her poor heart had bled,

"The mother of a moment, o'er her boy."

The same grave was to receive them both—and this the day set apart for the double funeral. It was already past the hour of attendance; still I dressed myself in a "suit of solemn black," and as set out to join in this last tribute of respect to the memory of my departed favorite.

It was a sad, cold day in April; the spring had been blighted in her backward bloom, and the appearance of nature so withered and wintry, as aptly typified the fate of the fair being thus cruelly cut off in the spring-time of life. It was a day congenial with the dismal duty of a burial-rite. There was gloom in the aspect of the dark and congregated clouds, as they hurried across the heavens—gloom in the melancholy wail of the wind, as it whistled, as if to mark an autumnal, not a vernal day—gloom in the dull, sloppy streets and marshy fields, along which my course lay. The whole city seemed pouring towards Vane House; and yet there was neither life nor hurry in the slow-rolling vehicles and sedate passengers, that swelled the collection around the porter's lodge, and within the darkened halls of the desolated mansion. A dull, misty rain dimmed the landscape around; and how different did the proud edifice, as from the serpentine approach, I caught a glimpse of it through the leafless trees, now look—the hearse with its black waving plumes, standing before the door—the bell handle and knocker, that I had last heard gaily ringing such frequent peals, and re-echoing to rap thundering upon rap, now muffled in crape—the undertaker's men, in their lugubrious garb, lining the entrance-hall—and the servants, in mourning, running hither and thither, and sobbing as if their hearts would break. Every body looked startled and aghast, as if some strange and awful visitation had smitten each individual self; and while recalling the late scene of marriage-merriment, now so frightfully reversed, I felt like one walking under the bewildering spell of an horrid but unreal vision.

After a greeting in dumb show from Col. —, who acted as master of ceremonies, he ushered me into the chamber, where death lay sternly shrouded in state. It was the same already signalized as the scene of one bridal solemnity, and now filled with still statue-like figures, ranged in formal rows, and imperfectly seen through the half-light that, counterfeiting gloom, came, faint and tremulous, through the sable hangings. The few words, now and then spoken under breath, indicated rather than broke the deep, dead silence, pervading the crowded apartment. Its centre was occupied by the pallid and velvet coffin—that final tenement of frail mortality—within which the cold corpse of the sainted dead was already laid—but not alone—for its last, long rest. With steps of reverential stealth, I drew near, to take a parting look at what had lately been full of loveliness and angelic life. I raised the winding-sheet, thickly strewn over with the funeral herbs that embalm the dead. Before me, wrapped in a shroud of white satin, and extended in rigid length, I beheld a marble figure: the countenance was sweet and serene, as if in soft repose; *loes* yet lingered on that pale, placid brow—and a languid smile half-parted the once roseate lips, whence the warm and perfumed

breath was now for ever fled. And this was all that remained of Rosalie! the heiress of thousands—the idol of society—the treasury where so much deep love and doting hope had so long been garnered up! "Vanity of vanities! and all is vanity!" saith the preacher; and here lay the emphatic commentary on that solemn text. Who had possessed, like her, "all that makes mankind adore?" To whom had nature and fortune held out such fair promise of the future? Who seemed to smile so securely above the reach of fate? Youth, health, grace, goodness—the most brilliant prospects—the most endearing relations; all had been lavished only to render the victim more conspicuous, and to gild with a fugitive glory, the gloom of an early grave. To the dead body of Rosalie Morrison, the moralist might well appeal, as preaching more powerfully than a thousand sermons, the futility of all earthly expectations—the uncertainty of life—the insufficiency of wealth, grandeur and amiability, to ensure happiness, or avert the decree of destiny. It had sought and smitten a shining mark; like a pale, withered rose, whose fragrance survives decay, here lay the spotless sacrifice, motionless and stiff—the imperishable impress of parted immortality yet playing about that calm face; and, oh! touching sight! within those gentle arms, her infant sleeping upon its mother's lifeless breast; and her husband! her parents! the bereaved—the broken-hearted—where, alas! were they? Morrison appeared not: within the solitude of his widowed chamber, he yielded himself up to the tremendous bursts of despair that, maddening his brain, by turns, threatened destruction to himself, or wildly arraigned and scoffed at heaven—his strong mind still supporting, with more self-command, a dispensation so overwhelming.

Gen. Vane was present: he sat erect in the majesty of manly bearing; but though his superior fortitude disdained the outward show of complaint, yet none could look upon him without recurring to

"Laocoon's torture dignifying pain."

"Tried but not subdued," he struggled with his grief in such sort, that

"A father's love and mortal's agony,  
With an immortal's patience blessing,"

presents but a faint picture of the conflict between intolerable anguish and firm endurance, visible in the expression of his fine features.

I had not to turn in search of Mrs. Vane: she sat by the coffin that held the mortal reliques of her soul's darling; but her sufferings displayed not itself in the mode natural to her sex and her own meek character. Her looks were wan and wild—her dry eyes red and fixed; and the tearless agony, the mute despair in which she was plunged, only vented itself occasionally in a long, deep, convulsive sigh, that seemed to upheave her whole frame. The grim array of death glared upon her sight without informing her senses; she appeared uncertain—almost unconscious of her irreparable loss, though its dreadful evidence lay so close beside her, and sat watching her daughter's cold remains with such intensity of eager love, as must have hung over and smothered her sleeping couch. The

trying moment arrived—that bitter moment in which the heart, rent with a double pang, seems, for the first time, fully to recognize the decease of a friend. The coffin lid was about to be screwed down—the veil drawn, which was for ever to hide her precious Ann from her longing eyes. With a dubious and hurried glance, the wretched mother started to her feet, and leaning over the corpse, laid her cheek upon the chill damp brow. The shock of conviction darted like an ice-bolt through her heart; the horrid truth, for the first time, flashed, with that touch, across her mind; and with a cry so piercing and prolonged, that it mocked the very shriek of despair, Mrs. Vane sunk senseless upon the floor. The ladies, her intimate friends, who hitherto had vainly dissuaded her away from the scene, now hastily, yet tenderly, raised and removed her, and the conclusion of the sad ceremony went on.

At last all was announced as ready; the superb coffin, with its storied plate, borne out by eight distinguished pall-bearers, was laid within the hearse—and slowly driven away from that house, through which the departed had shed a light and joy, that henceforth it was to know no more. Next to the gaunt and spectral-looking carriage of the dead, went the General's coach, containing himself as chief mourner, and one or two near relatives besides: then followed a string of carriages almost interminable; and the sad procession moved slowly on to the mausoleum of the Vane family, where, within the funeral vault, amid sobs and prayers and general blessings on her memory, were deposited the mortal remains of one who, too fair and good and pure for earth, had, while upon it, been worshipped as only a little lower than the angels, among whom she was now eternally admitted.

Such was the opening and closing scene of wedded life to Rosalie Vane; such the commencement and end—how unlike! of one brief year. To illustrate a fate so familiar in its tragical termination, to that of the Princess Charlotte, we may, not improperly, employ the inimitable stanzas, wherein Byron commemorates and bewails the royal, though not superior sufferer:

"Wo unto us! not unto her, for she sleeps well," might the forlorn parents of the lovely Mrs. Morrison, exclaim, as even while bending over her untimely bier, they felt their temporal loss to be her eternal gain. But in spite of this consolatory persuasion, nature asserted and received her right; and childless, hopeless, and enduring—not enjoying existence, Gen. Vane and his exemplary wife, in the possession of all that splendour and luxury can bestow, continued, long after the world supposed them recovered from the disastrous blow, to sigh and pine over the extinction of their fairest hopes and fondest wishes, and to experience how long

"The heart may break—yet brokenly live on."

"And thou, too, lonely lord,

And desolate consort! vainly wert thou wed:

The husband of a year!—the father of the dead!"

And thus disconsolate did Arthur Morrison remain. Faithful to the memory of his only

love, he wooed no second bride,—but expatriating himself, sought in foreign travel and distant realms, to lose, or at least, assuage the keen sense of insupportable misery, still, in spite of time or effort, brooding incessantly over the image of her, "the mourned, the lost, the loved."

Alone—and more than once—I visited the sepulchre of Rosalie Vane; and while, with a mind saddened and sobered by the affecting contemplation, I looked down upon the hallowed spot, where "rests her gentle dust,"—its fit epitaph secured to me, as already written in the exquisite old lines, which (after taking the liberty to modernize the spelling) I cite in conclusion of this Sketch from Real Life:

"This shell of stone within it keepeth,  
One who died not, but sleepeth;  
And in her quiet slumber, seemeth  
As if of heav'n alone she dreameth.  
Her form it was so fair in seeming,—  
Her eye so holy in their beaming,—  
So pure her heart in every feeling,—  
So high her mind in each revealing,—  
A band of angels thought that she  
Was one of their bright company;  
And on some homeward errand driven,  
Hurried her too away to heaven."

E. C. S.

### "AT TWILIGHTS' HOUR."

BY THE REV. JOHN N. MASTEE.

At twilight's hour, when dews are falling,  
Shadows gathering o'er the sky;  
In the still moments hopes arising,  
Brighten in the heart—to die.

Within the beam's temple swelling,  
Feelings burn in that lone hour,—  
On earthly idols fondly dwelling,  
Waked by memory's magic power.

But when the soul in holy musing,  
Contemplates the Christian's rest:  
Seraphic joy, divine, inspiring,  
Thrills the stricken, wearied breast.

What glorious scenes o'er heaven are breaking,  
Bursting on the ravished view,  
Hopes of eternal bliss awaking  
In a world forever true;

Where no twilight shadows creep,  
Dim the carnival of joy;  
No sorrow there, nor change, nor weeping;  
All is bliss without alloy.

At twilight's hour, when dews are falling,  
Shadows gathering o'er the sky,—  
In the still moments hopes arising,  
Close er where our treasures lie.

### On an Infant's Grave.

'Tis well, perhaps, the flower has never bloomed,  
Nor burst to beauty in this vale of tears:  
'Tis well, perhaps, it now lies low entombed;  
It fell unsullied ere the waste of years.

Affection saw the rude approach of death,  
And strove in vain to arrest the impending blow;  
Maternal feeling fed the latest breath,  
Which kept a spirit in this world of woe.

Ah! why should grief your hapless life consume?  
And why should sorrow thus pervade your breast?  
In blissful realms your darling girl shall bloom,  
And wake to raptures in eternal rest.

## Misadventures of a Lover.

As I was walking one day up the Strand, arm-in-arm with a friend, we met an excessively handsome young female, with whom my friend was acquainted. "Miss Jackson," said he, making a polite inclination of the head from the young lady to me. "Mr. H—," said he, with a very pretty nod towards Miss Jackson. The half-minute's conversation we had with the young lady, only served to deepen the impression her charms had made on me at the first glance. My readers know, from what I have told them before I had got this length, the remarkable facility with which I fall in love. A look, a nod, a word spoken, from an engaging female, has a dozen times over "done" for my poor heart. To be brief, I was completely smitten in this case. In parting with Miss Jackson and her mother—I ought to have mentioned before now that her mamma was with her—I inquired of my friend where they staid. "Newman street, Oxford street, but do not recollect the number," was the answer. "Are you in love? Do you mean to call?" he inquired in a half-jocular tone. "That will do—that's very fair," said I, assuming a little pleasantry at his queries. The conversation was dropped.

Nothing further passed that day concerning the adorable Miss Jackson. To my ineffable surprise, I next day received a card from Mrs. Jackson, inviting me to form part of a select company who were to drink tea the next afternoon at her house. My immediate inference was, that, in the interim, my friend had met with Mrs. Jackson, and the conversation turning by accident, or otherwise, on me, he had spoken favourably of me—as I may say, without incurring the imputation of egotism, he had every reason to do,—and that the invitation I received was the result. I of course heartily accepted the invitation—drank tea with Mrs. Jackson and friends—and spent a most agreeable evening. I sat opposite Miss Jackson on the occasion, and went home in a state of transport.

"I will write her," thought I; "I will propose a meeting for next Friday afternoon, (the hour, four o'clock precisely,) at Hyde Park Corner." The only hesitation I had in doing this was, that as it was dark when I went to and came from her mother's house, I did not observe the number. I concluded, however, that, as I knew the street perfectly, the letter would in all probability find her. I did write her to the effect above hinted at, and a more tender note never emanated from a lover's pen.

The same evening the twopenny-postman brought me a neatly-folded letter, the address written in a style of penmanship which seemed to me the *beau idéal* of lady caligraphy. I guessed the writer; she could be none other than Miss Jackson. I looked at the seal before breaking open the letter: it spoke of the nature of the contents. The motto was, "Ever thine." I opened the letter with a heart palpitating from joy. I was not disappointed; the charming creature was most propitious. Nothing, she protested, could afford her greater pleasure than to meet me at the time and place appointed. Of

what bliss was the receipt of this letter productive to me! I purchased a new suit of clothes—called in the aid of the perukeier—spent hours at my toilet—(have gentlemen toilets?)—in preparing for the appointed meeting. Last, though not least, I spent no inconsiderable sum—a greater one, I can assure my readers, than my way and means afforded—in purchasing certain trinkets from the jewellers, which I intended to present to Miss Jackson.

The long-looked-for hour came at last. I was punctual to the appointed moment. The afternoon was particularly fine: all the *beau monde* of London, seemed to be in Hyde Park. Four o'clock struck. I was astonished at the non-appearance of Miss Jackson. I took out my watch, looked at it, was putting it again to my fob, when a tall, stern, Cossack-looking fellow came up to me. "Pray, sir," said he, in a gruff tone, "pray, sir, is that your hand-writing?" As he uttered these words, he held a letter before my optics. I looked, as any one in my situation would have done, amazingly stupid. My first glance was directed to the stout-whiskered animal before me—my next, to the sheet which he held in his hand. Sure enough it was my letter to Miss Jackson. I at once recognized the vile penmanship—I write a miserable scrawl.

"How the deuce could this booby have come by this letter? There is something mysterious in this business. It cannot be that Miss Jackson has also——"

I was interrupted in my unpronounced ejaculations, by a "Sir, I demand an answer to my question: is that letter (holding it in my face) is your hand-writing?"

I have already said it was mine; I could not deny it; besides, I am no disciple of Ferdinand Mentex Pinto. I accordingly muttered out, in a subdued tone, "Yes, sir, it is; and pray, wherein——"

I was about to inquire what interest he could have in the matter—what possible reason he could have to be offended by it, for it was clear he was offended—when I was cut short by a tremendous application of a whip—drawn out of the whiskered-monster's pocket—to my person.

"Sir, sir, what can be the meaning of——" I essayed to speak, but my poor voice was either drowned in the crackings of the whip, or my assailant heeded it not. Never was human being more unmercifully whipped before. How many lashes I received, is and will be a mystery; but this I know, that, but for the interference of some of the more humane bystanders, I might and should have received several scores more.

Miss Jackson did not keep to her promise; indeed, after what had occurred, I deemed it fortunate she did not. I went home, fully determined to institute an action against my assailant, so soon as I could ascertain his name and address. This, I knew, I could have no difficulty in doing, as there were so many present. As to witnesses to prove the assault, I had clouds of them, whenever matters were in a sufficiently advanced state to require.

On my return home, I found the friend who had introduced me to Miss Jackson waiting for me. I mentioned to him what had occurred, and

the determination to which I had come to prosecute my unknown assailant. My friend was very inquisitive to know who had thus assaulted me, and what could have prompted the fellow to such a step. I told him again, as I told him before though he seemed to think I rather wanted the will than the power, that I could give him no information on either head.

"Can you not, at any rate," said he, "give me some description of the personal appearance of your assailant?" I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, let me hear all you can communicate on the subject." I described the brute as well as I could.

"Oh! I know who it is! It is Mr. Jackson!" he exclaimed, after a moment's hesitation.

"Mr. Jackson! Impossible! Did you not tell me that Miss Jackson's father was dead, and that she never had a brother?"

"It is another Mr. Jackson," said my friend; "one who lives in the same street. Do you not recollect having seen a Mrs. Jackson, a beautiful woman, among those present at Miss Jackson's mother's house? Her husband would have been present also, but was out of town that day!"

I did not recollect having seen a newly-married lady at Mrs. Jackson's on the evening in question. I mentioned this to my friend.

"But what possible ground of offence could you have given to her husband?" inquired my friend.

"None in the world that I know of," answered I. "I never before saw the man in my life; his wife I have never seen before or since that evening."

"The matter is certainly involved in much mystery. Did he say nothing when committing the assault, that could have led to infer the cause of his displeasure? Did you not write to his wife?—for if you did, however innocently, a jealous husband might construe an epistle from a man to his wife, into something bad."

"I never in my life penned a syllable to his or any other person's wife; but I will confess to you that I did write Miss Jackson, to whom you introduced me; and from the hasty glance I gave the letter which my assailant held in his hand, it is the identical one I addressed to her. How he came by that letter, is to me as mysterious as any of the countless incomprehensibilities in nature."

"What was the nature of your note to Miss Jackson, if it be fair to ask such a question?" said my friend.

"It was written in very general terms. I merely, as I suppose is common in all correspondence between the sexes, professed a fervent, an immutable, an eternal attachment to her—an attachment formed from what I had seen of her on the evening and at the party referred to, and concluding by urgently begging the favour of a meeting with her, next afternoon, at a given hour, at Hyde Park Corner."

"I have it!—I have it!" exclaimed my friend, Archimedes-like. "The letter you intended for Miss Jackson, has by mistake gone to Mrs. Jackson; and no wonder that such an epistle should have kindled suspicions in the husband's

breast—no wonder that he chastised you as he did."

The hypothesis struck me as probable, though I could not exactly see how the mis-sending of the letter should have occurred.

"I will go to Mr. Jackson's," said my friend, and learn all the particulars from him."

He departed at that moment—he had not far to go; he returned in an hour afterwards, informed me his conjecture was quite right, and that he learned from Mr. J. the whole details of the awkward business.

The story may be told in a few words. The two Jacksons, as formerly mentioned, resided in the same street. The right house had no brass plate, with the name inscribed on the door; the wrong one had. Being ignorant of the number of the right house, I could not of course write it on the back of my letter. The postman, in these circumstances, very naturally delivered the letter at the wrong place. I scrawl a wretched indistinct hand; so that, when the letter arrived, Miss was read Mrs. The latter lady probably wishing to pass, in the estimation of her husband, for a woman of surpassing rectitude, showed him my letter, instead of consigning it, as she ought, to the flames.

"Why Charlotte, my dear," said the husband, "if ever villain deserved chastisement, this rascal does. You only do as I desire you—and if I don't give it him in style!"

Mrs. Jackson, being newly married, expressed her readiness to do any thing her husband desired her. "Augustus," said he, "you know, dear, your *will* is always a *law* with me."

"Well," says he, "as Solomon enjoins us to answer a fool according to his folly, you shall answer this villain according to his villainy. You will immediately write him, declaring that he made an indelible impression on your heart when you saw him at the party to which he refers, and acquiescing in his proposal for a meeting at Hyde Park Corner."

She did as she was bid. I, never having seen Miss Jackson's hand-writing, was of course easily deceived. I was in perfect raptures with the supposed success of my proposal for a meeting. The reader is already informed how transitory my joy was. I never saw Miss Jackson after this; I never wished to see her; I could not, after what had occurred, again look her in the face.

It was long before I recovered from the effects of this new shock. I had well nigh determined never again to speak to woman-kind; but a little reflection served to convince me, that, constituted as society was, that was impossible, unless I turned hermit.

It is the error of a great many, even of those who are considered sensible men, that they run from one extreme to another. This was the next error I committed in love matters. I resolved, as the best way of avoiding the recurrence of such mishaps as I have already encountered, to dispense with all and every thing in the shape of courtship, or lovemaking, and, by means of an advertisement, get married at once. The idea struck me as the happy one. I resolved to put it into effect without any unnecessary loss of time. Accordingly, taking my pen and

paper, I that moment drew up the following advertisement, and caused it to be published in the *Morning Herald*—that journal being then, as I believe it is still, the medium most generally made use of for sending forth such notices to the fair world :—

*Matrimony.*—Circumstances which it is unnecessary here to detail, having prevented the advertiser from mingling much in female society, he takes this opportunity of appealing to the heart, and soliciting the hand, of any young lady, who, like himself, possesses a good temper, and a disposition to be happy. If the partiality of private friendship has not exaggerated his personal appearance, he flatters himself that no lady, however fastidious in taste, will be dissatisfied with him on that score. As regards his principles and disposition, he takes on himself to say—though the statement would doubtless come with a better grace from another—that the former are perfectly unexceptionable, and the latter of the most amiable and affectionate kind. In fine, at the risk of being thought egotistical by those who know him not, the advertiser ventures to say, that it is extremely seldom that any young lady desirous of entering the matrimonial state—that state especially appointed by the Deity himself for the happiness of his creatures—has such an opportunity presented her. The strictest confidence may be relied on, on the advertiser's part, and he expects the same confidence on that of any female making application. It is hoped no male or female will exhibit any impertinent curiosity on the occasion. Address *A. B. 23 Fetter Lane, Fleet street*. No unpaid letters will be received."

At this time I lodged with an old woman, whose house I had entered eight days before. I mentioned to her, on sending the advertisement to the *Herald* office, that I expected early next day several letters, desiring her to receive such as should come, and bring them up stairs. My landlady nodded assent. Just as eleven o'clock forenoon chimed on St. Dunstan's, I heard a rap at the door. On my landlady opening it, a thick-spoken lad inquired if there were any A. B.'s within. "A. B.! no!—there's no A. B. nor B. C. here!" said the old woman, somewhat ill-naturedly. "Bring the letter to me! bring the letter to me!" cried I, popping my head a little bit down stairs. My landlady brought the epistle up. I forgot to apprise her on the previous evening, that the letters I expected would be mostly, if not altogether, for a certain reason, addressed to A. B. I then repeated my request that all letters so addressed should be brought to me immediately. She had scarcely got down stairs, and shut the outer door, when another knock was heard. It was another A. B. letter, which of course was directly brought up stairs to me. In short, for an hour after, epistles in answer to my advertisement were brought up at the rate of one per minute; in one instance two arrived at once. By the time my landlady had brought me up twelve or fourteen, she evidently began to get surprised and alarmed at the number of A. B. letters; by the time she had delivered the twentieth—for it will be observed that she had hardly got down stairs when there was some new bearer of an A. B.

epistle rapping at the door—by the time, I say, she had delivered the twentieth, the good old woman got fairly out of breath. When she came the length of No. 30, she began to think her best way would be to bring up several at a time, which would of course lessen the frequency of her up-stair journeys. By the time the fortieth epistle arrived, she commenced the system of bringing up six at once. By this time I myself had become dreadfully alarmed. I began to think I had done some excessively foolish action, and that surely all the unmarried ladies in London had of a sudden become correspondents of mine. I grew sick of love epistles. I could almost have wished both them and their fair inditers at the antipodes. "Here is too much of a good thing," said I emphatically to myself. While in this agony of uneasiness at the Mont Blanc of letters piled up on the table before me, there was a rather long interim between the last and next epistolary delivery. This gave birth to the fond hope that there would be few if any more letters. Foolish hope!—short lived delusion! The hope—the delusion, had hardly a moment's existence, when it vanished by the sound of my landlady's foot-steps on another journey up stairs. She entered my apartment. "Here, sir," said she, throwing down on the table ten more A. B. letters, "here, sir; and if there come any more A. B.'s you must come down and fetch them up yourself, or get somebody else to do it for you."

In ten minutes thereafter I went down stairs, and to my ineffable satisfaction found there was only one new arrival. I was never more thankful in my life. I returned to my own apartment, and sat me down to examine the contents of the heap of epistles before me—for hitherto they had poured in so fast on me, that it required all my activity to receive them and lay them on the table, instead of reading them. An occasional stray one continued to drop in on me until nine o'clock post meridian. Not one of these late ones, however, was opened by me. I chucked them into the fire on their receipt, concluding that they could not be the offspring of true, ardent love, as that is always *prompt* in its motions.

Well, I at length got to the most important part of the business—that of reading the letters, and deciding as to the claims of their respective authors. O how my heart palpitated as I sat down to the task! I commenced. Though the inditers of all professed a boundless attachment to me, there were great differences in the contents of the letters. The first epistle I read, augured very ill indeed. The writer made sundry inquiries about my finances, my prospects in life, the rank of my relations, &c. which I assuredly did not like. I tossed her letter at once into the fire. The second epistle unfolded a candidate for matrimonial bliss who spoke a great deal touching the propriety, necessity indeed, of being regularly asked in church before marriage, and of having, in the event of making a bargain, a respectable wedding. "*Bargain!*" I hated the word. It imported something too sordid for me. The flourish about a respectable wedding I concluded to mean, if translated into plain English, that the fair scribe had a



deal of acquaintances—which I abhor in a wife. The third lady ran to the opposite extreme. She proposed an instantaneous elopement, lest her brother should hear of the thing, and by that means prevent the marriage.—“Elopement!” “Brother!” How the words grated on my ears!

It would be endless, and would, besides, answer no good purpose, to specify the objectionable matter I discovered in every intervening letter until I came to the twenty-fourth. It was just the thing. Its contents were as much to my mind as if I myself had guided the pen of the lovely writer. Here it is:—

“My Dear Sir—Though as yet personally unknown to you, I hope I am justified—I am sure my own feelings justify me—in using the above affectionate epithet. I have read your intimation in the *Herald* of this morning; and never, I assure you, did human composition make such an impression on my mind: it went directly to my heart, from which I know it will never depart. My dearest unknown, but I trust destined husband, believe me when I say that your advertisement has led me to conceive of you as the *beau idéal* of all that a lover or husband should be. Words cannot express my admiration of your generosity and disinterestedness. You speak not, you give not the most distant hint of a love of money. How unlike the infinite majority of those who advertise for wives! But though money seems to be no object with you, I hope it will prove no objection, other matters being to your mind. I have a handsome competency solely at my disposal; for indeed I have no near relatives in Europe to interfere, either directly or indirectly, with me or mine. My fortune shall be the more readily laid at your feet, that it is moral worth and not sordid pelf of which you are in quest. Of my personal appearance, I will not speak, farther than to express a hope that it will not be offensive. My age, not being matter of opinion but fact, I may mention is twenty. I am morally certain, from the spirit that manifestly prompted your advertisement, that our dispositions are similar; and that, as far as human eye can see, our union, if it be effected, which I hope and pray it will, will prove one of unusual happiness to both. May I, my dear sir, have the felicity of an interview? If vouchsafed to me, be so kind as to write me immediately, when I will appoint such time and place for our meeting as will be most likely to secure us against the intrusion of any third party. Waiting with breathless anxiety your answer, I remain, my dear sir, yours, most affectionately. C. D.

“P. S.—Please direct C. D. 27 Paul street, Tottenham-Court road.”

I was—who in my situation would not have been?—in raptures with this letter. It was just the thing,—there was intellect in it; there was judgment in it; there was affection in it.

“Shall I open and peruse any more of the mountain of epistles lying before me in beautiful chaos?” I asked myself this question. I hesitated a moment as to whether I ought to open more of the A. B. letters or not. My determination was, after a few moments’ consideration, to read no more. Into the grate, there-

fore, I chucked the whole lot; and what a sublime and brilliant blaze they made!

In answer to Miss C. D. I wrote a most affectionate and sentimental letter. It is too long, and withal of too tender and delicate a nature, to be inserted here. It will suffice the reader to be informed, that I assured her, of all the numerous candidates who had made application to me in consequence of my advertisement, there was none but herself who came up to my conceptions of what a wife ought to be. I protested that the beauty and inestimable worth of her mind were established in her letter, beyond the power of mortal to controvert, and that nothing was so desirable to me as an early interview.

It is incredible how soon I received an answer. And how propitious! Miss C. D. fully responded to all I had said touching the peril of delays. She burned with an impatience to see me, which she declared must be greater than mine, for an interview with her. In short, she forthwith appointed a meeting;—the place, a house she described in a lane off Holborn; the time, that evening at five o’clock precisely.

What could be more satisfactory. What more soul-exhilarating than this! The appointed hour for the interview approached. Properly brushed up for the occasion, I went to No. 33 — lane, Holborn. Tremulously—for in all such cases, I suppose, persons feel a certain degree of tremor—tremulously I lifted and let fall the knocker of the door. A very polite maid, as I had been made to expect, opened the door in an instant. “Is Miss Young within?” I inquired. “Yes sir; walk up stairs, if you please,” said the “she domestic,” simperingly.

The damsel, with all apparent respect, conducted me up one pair of stairs, and then showed me into an elegantly furnished apartment. “Miss Young will be here presently, sir,” said the maid, as she held the door in her hand when quitting the room. She disappeared. The door was shut—I was left alone. That was an epoch in my history. The intensity of my anxiety to see my future partner in life, made by pedestals quiver beneath me; my whole frame shook. In about half a minute I heard footsteps approaching. In a second more, the handle of the door was lifted. I sprang to the door, and ere it was well opened, I seized in my arms, and most cordially embraced, the lady who was making her appearance. In the warmth and fervency with which I embraced Miss Young, my future wife, I actually lifted her off her feet, and carried her several yards towards the centre of the apartment. She at first uttered a wild shriek, and then set up, as loudly as her lungs (which were certainly of the Stentorian cast) would permit, a frightful yell of “Murder! Murder!”

“My dear Miss C. D.” said I, “I am A. B.; don’t be alarmed.” The only answer she made was, a bound towards the poker, which she seized and buried at my head with tremendous force. That the article did not come in terrible contact with my cranium, was more a matter of miracle than any thing else. I was so overwhelmed with astonishment at this singular circumstance, that I stood for some moments in the centre of the floor as motionless as the dome of St. Paul’s. While thus standing a perfect personification of

stupor, in rushed, "like a torrent down upon the vale," half a dozen young fellows, exclaiming in discordant chorus, "What's the matter? What's the matter?" These harsh sounds, bellowed out by the idiots, were answered by the exclamation, that I had committed a gross assault as well as insult. "Take him into custody!" shouted one and all of the six ruffian intruders. I declared most vehemently my innocence, and that nothing in the world could have been farther from my intention than the perpetration of any insult or crime.

"What, then, brought you here? and what was the cause of the assault on this lady?" interrogated one of the notable blockheads.

I was silent, and looked, I have been since informed, remarkably stupid.

"Come, sir, answer, otherwise we hand you over to the authorities," said one Old Bailey-looking idiot.

"Sir—Gentlemen—Sir—Gentlemen," I was stammering out, not having the most distant conception of what I was going to say, when, observing that the door was fortunately open, I bolted out of the apartment, rushed down stairs, and, getting to the street, bounded away with a rapidity to which the heels of few men would be equal.

I got home, packed up my things, cleared scores with my landlady, and, ere a couple of hours, procured new lodgings. I was afraid of farther annoyances, if I vegetated any longer at No. 23 Fetter lane.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings at the issue of this adventure. During the whole of that night I was in the dark as to the business. Next day I made inquiries indirectly as to the mysterious affair, when I learned that the half dozen scoundrels who rushed into the room, had, on seeing my advertisement in the *Herald*, entered into a conspiracy together to hoax the "wight" as they had the audacity to call me; that one of six who had a sister—a lady I suppose she would call herself—as unprincipled as himself, got her to write to his dictation.

I will advertise no more. I have made up my mind to retire to some secluded spot, some "boundless contiguity of shade," if it can be had, where I will never more, or at least but seldom, see unmarried women. I am now convinced that all and every attempt at forming a matrimonial alliance would issue so unfortunately as to hold me up anew to the ridicule of the world; so convinced, I say, am I now of this, that all the logic in the world would not expel the persuasion from my mind.

*An Irish Definition of "the Premier."*—"But sure," added a third, "sure, didn't the Prime Ear himself lay it all out before the parleyment?" "What Prime Ear are you talking about, man dear?" said Paddy, rather testily. "Well, and who is the Prime Ear of his Majesty, and no less. Is that satisfaction for you, eh?" "Well, and who is the Prime Ear?" "Why, the Prime Ear of his Majesty, I told you before. You see, he is the one that hears of every thing that is to be done for the whole empire in particular; and because he hears of everything, that's the reason he is called the Prime Ear,—and a good reason it is."—*Lover's Legends, &c. of Ireland, Second Series.*

## THE SCAR OF LEXINGTON.

BY MISS E. F. GOULD.

With cherub smile, the prattling boy,  
Who on the veteran's breast reclines,  
Has thrown aside his favorite toy!  
And round his gentle finger twines  
Those scattered locks, that with the night  
Of four score years are snowy white  
And, as the scar arrests his view,  
He cries, 'grand pa, who wounded you!'

'My child, 'tis five and fifty years,  
This very day, this very hour,  
Since from a scene of blood and tears,  
Where valor fell by hostile power—  
I saw retire the setting sun,  
Behind the hills of Lexington;  
While pale and lifeless on the plain  
My brother lay, for freedom slain.

And ere that fight—the first that spoke  
In thunder to our land—was o'er,  
Amidst the clouds of fire and smoke,  
I felt my garments wet with gore!  
'Tis since that dread and wild affray,  
That trying, dark, eventful day,  
From this calm April eve so far,  
I wear upon my cheek this scar.

When thou to manhood shalt be grown,  
And I am gone in dust to sleep,  
May freedom's rights be still thine own.  
And thou and thine in quiet reap,  
The unlighted produce of the toil,  
In which my blood bedewed the soil;  
And while those fruits thou shalt enjoy,  
Bethink thee of this scar, my boy!

But should thy country's voice be heard,  
To bid her children fly to arms,  
Gird on thy grandeur's trusty sword;  
And, undismayed by war's alarms,  
Remember on the battle field,  
I made the hand of God my shield!  
And, be thou spared like me to tell,  
What bore me up, while others fell.

## LOVE AND DEATH.

Young Love and Death, by chance one night,  
Stopped at a hut together,  
While raged the storm, with lurid light,  
To shelter from the weather:  
Love gave the host, with strict behest,  
His darts to keep till morning;  
Death, too, gave his, with looks—stern guest!—  
Of future ills a warning.

Each to his chamber then retired:  
But when the sun was peeping,  
The Travellers of the host required  
Their charge, left in his keeping:  
The host complied; but, as we're told,  
Too fatally mistaking,  
Gave Death Love's arrows tipped with gold,  
Young Love in turn Death's taking.

Whichever course the archers went,  
They caused a sad confusion!  
Old age, on whom Death's aim was bent,  
Felt playful Love's delusion;  
While victims made and youthful flames,  
Where luckless Cupid wanders,  
Young hearts drooped in a blighted frame,  
And passion's bliss was squandered!

Love soon his fellow-traveller met,  
And straight, with sobe and sigh,  
Complained that all he'd aimed at yet  
Were either dead or dying!  
Said Death, "Dry up your tears, poor boy!  
Take back your own bright quiver,  
And give me mine." Love did with joy—  
They parted then for ever!

## A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF TEDDY O'DONOHU.

It was about a year after our revolution that Sergeant Teddy O'Donohu arrived in the town of Bergen.

Now the sergeant was as brave a bandy-legged little man as ever cheered a soldier on to battle. He was the son of old Michael O'Donohu, the great prize fighter from Limerick, but after a while old Michael was gathered to his fathers, and his son Teddy reigned in his stead. The patrimony was small and caused no litigation, consisting merely of an old pair of cast-off galligaskins, most carefully patched; a bountiful stock of impudence, and a strong, natural hankering after a canteen of whiskey, which last inclination was a sort of heirloom in the family, and descending to Teddy in a direct line from both father and mother, was strong in proportion; so that by the time he had reached the age of fifteen, sorrow a boy was there in the whole country round, could judge of the merits of a small jug of whiskey, equal to Teddy O'Donohu.

Shortly after the death of his father, he had crossed over to America, and during the war had enlisted on the side of congress, with the determination of seeking his fortune; but after having spent several years in the search, and during the whole war, having only arrived at a sergeant's halberd, he came to the conclusion that the fortune which belonged to him, was scarcely worth having, and sagely determined to give up the pursuit.

Setting out with this wise resolution, from that time the sergeant had never been known to trouble his head about the fortune; and if he could only contrive to assemble with three or four of his boon-companions over a canteen of whiskey, and relate the exploits performed by himself during the war, the sergeant was in his glory. He was excellent, also, in running up scores in the different bar-rooms in the neighbourhood, and there was not a tavern within ten miles of his residence, (that is of the place where he was most frequently seen,) but could point out a score chalked up as long as your arm, while the initials, T. O'D., very conspicuously brought up the rear.

But although the sergeant was thus villainously out of credit with the landlords, yet the scores contrived to wax larger and larger; for, to tell the truth, he had a mighty winning way with him, and many were the sly glances handed to him with a smile while the husbands were absent, attending to their out-door concerns. And the women, heaven bless them, all thought it mighty hard that the evil of an empty stomach should be added to that of empty pockets, which it was already well known, pressed heavily upon the sergeant; so that never a day passed without his having received his full compliment of whiskey, and retiring to bed in what he termed "glorious case," but what another would call, pretty considerably well fuddled.

But to proceed to my narrative. It was upon a stormy evening, not very long after the revolution, that the inhabitants of the only inn in the little town of Bergen, had gathered around

a cheerful fire, which was blazing in the huge chimney-place: the rain poured in torrents, the landlord edged his chair nearer to the fire, while gradually his head and shoulders settled down into the cushion formed by his ponderous abdomen. The landlady was busily engaged in plying her knitting-needle. A large gray cat was loling in the ashes at their feet, with all that air of self-satisfaction which denotes a pampered favourite, occasionally breaking the silence by a lazy good-natured purr. Still the wind roared on as if the spirits of the storm had been let loose, and were bursting over the earth in fierce and joyous revelry; for a few moments it would hush up, and then again it howled forth like the yell of some tortured demon, and with a violence that shook the whole building to the foundation.

It was during one of these intervals that a tremendous knocking was heard at the door.

"Mynheer, dere ish somebody vot knoocksh," screamed the landlady.

"Yaw," drawled the landlord, as his head and shoulders slowly emerged from the huge abyss of his portentous stomach.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, again thundered at the door.

"Dere ish somebody vot ish hurried," said the landlord, scratching his head, but without moving from his chair.

Rap, rap, rap.

"Mein heavens! dere ish blenty of time," shouted the Dutchman, now springing to his feet and moving towards the door; for the last application was made with a vehemence that made the whole building ring, and threatened to dash the door from its hinges.

But the motions of great bodies are slow, and the landlord was not an exception to the general rule, for ere he had reached more than half way across the room, rap, rap, rap, was again heard, and the door flew open before the energetic blows of the traveller; and dripping with rain, he burst into the room.

A leather military cap was cocked sideways upon a mop of carrotty hair, and was intended to screen a face, which deep and incessant potatoes had covered with a continual blush; an old military undress coat was buttoned tightly over his broad, brawny shoulders, and two short, thick, bandy-legs were almost lost in a capacious pair of blue kensie pantaloons, considerably the worse for wear. In fine, it was our friend, Sergeant Teddy O'Donohu, who had been thus scurvily treated, and who now stalked up to the landlord with all the fury of a mad bull.

"A word with ye, you ould blackguard. What is it ye mane, by kapein' a gentleman, and that's meself, a drippin' and a drownin' in-sich a rain like this; especially when he's willin' to pay for all that he calls for? If you had your deserts, you'd aivir been born, you ould thief you!"

For a long time the sergeant continued furious, paying no attention either to the apologies or pacific speeches of the landlord; but after railing and abusing until completely out of breath, he at last consented to listen to reason, and in a short time peace was restored—

his clothes were dried, and long ere bed-time the sergeant was perfectly at his ease. He joked with the bar-maid, who had come simpering in with a large jug of home-brewed—he chuckled the landlady under the chin—and he drank glass for glass with the landlord—although, now and then, the perplexing thought would come over him, “How is all this to be paid for in the mornin’?” But as it was one of his maxims never to puzzle his brains about subjects which it was not easy to elucidate, he determined to let the morning take care of itself, and continued drinking for the rest of the evening, without troubling his head about the matter. It was late in the night when they had finished the jug; and the landlord, taking up the light, led the way, while the sergeant reeled after him to his bed-room.

It was a dull dingy-looking room; on one side was nailed a shelf, upon which were standing two large, dirty glass-rummers, probably left there by the last tenant; in one corner was placed a broad, wooden table, covered with crumbs of bread and the pieces of a broken pipe; and in the opposite corner was resting a dirty-looking bed, the intended resting-place of the sergeant. At its foot was a large wooden chest, probably intended as the receptacle for the clothes of the inmates; and in front of a fire-place, filled with ashes and burnt cinders, was standing a small oaken settee, which completed the furniture of the apartment.

But neither the disarray of his room nor the slovenliness of his bed, troubled the sergeant; he threw off his clothes upon the lid of the chest, tumbled upon the bed, and the music of his nose soon bore ample testimony to the soundness of his slumbers. How long he slept he knew not, but he was at length awakened by a shrill ringing laugh which burst in upon his ear, and seemed to proceed from the opposite side of the room. The sergeant started up in the bed, and rubbed his eyes. The candle, which was standing upon the table, had burnt nearly to the socket, while a tall, black cap of snuff was hanging upon the end of the wick, and throwing a dim, melancholy light through the chamber. The sergeant looked around the room, put seeing nothing, was again yielding to his soporiferous feelings—when chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again sounded in his ears.

Again he started up in his bed; and now in front of him upon the floor he saw a little, broad-sterned, Dutch-looking figure, scarce a foot high, with an immense cocked-hat perched upon the top of his head, skipping up and down the room with all the agility of a Parisian rope-dancer. At last he paused opposite the sergeant, his eyes began to twinkle and twinkle, his broad little mouth began to spread—it opened—and chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, came pouring out with a vivacity that fairly caused his little fat body to quiver.

“Is it awake that I am?” exclaimed the sergeant, rubbing his eyes with one hand, and raking his head with the five prongs of the other.

Again the eyes of the little man began to twinkle, again his mouth opened, and chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, burst forth.

Now, the sergeant, who was a brave man, and feared nothing, earthly or unearthly, began to wax wroth at the repeated chuckle of his jolly little room-mate; to be awakened from a sound sleep was bad enough, but to be laughed at into the bargain—it was intolerable, and the sergeant was not the man to put up with it; his hair bristled up with anger, and the carbuncles on his nose grew fiery red. But as he was scrupulously honourable in all his movements, he determined, before proceeding to extremities, to afford his little room-mate an opportunity of exculpating himself; and knowing that the only method of holding a conversation with a ghost or hobgoblin, or any animal of that species, was to open the way, he accordingly commenced:

“Let me tell you,ould gentleman, that I look upon this conduct of yours as mighty improper, not to say ungentlemanly.”

Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again burst from the lips of the little man, as he threw himself upon the floor, unable to support himself under the convulsive bursts of merriment which threatened to shake to pieces his oily little carcass.

“It’s meself that will tache you manners, and will give you a little correction that will be highly binificial to yourself and improvin’ to your education,” said the sergeant, as he stepped from the bed to seize upon his little friend, but he was gone.

Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, rattled a voice from the opposite side of the room, and, turning around, the sergeant beheld his fat little acquaintance standing with his arms akimbo, nearly splitting his sides with laughter, while the tears were pouring in small rivulets down his oyster-like cheeks.

The sergeant waxed furious at being thus baffled by a man of such insignificant proportions, and commenced a hot pursuit around the room, but the little fellow was too nimble for him; at one time he was in front of him, at another he was behind him; he skipped from the floor to the bed, from the bed to the table, from the table to the shelf, and as the sergeant reeled after him he only succeeded in scraping the skin from his limbs, and bringing his nose violently in contact with the wall, all which he set down to the account of the little man—to be wiped off when he should succeed in capturing him. At last he had completely cornered him, there appeared no way of escape, he was sure of him, he balanced himself steadily upon his legs, and bringing his eyes to bear upon him, he made a plunge at him with all his force; but again the little man eluded his grasp, and darted between his legs, while the head of the sergeant came in contact with the wall with all the force of a battering-ram. Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again rung in his ear, and ere he had time to recover himself the little man bounced upon his back and clasped his arms around his throat.

“Ah, ha! have I caught you at last,” shouted the sergeant; “but aisy, now; you’re chokin’ me, you divil; be aisy; its ungentlemanly.”

Chuckle, chuckle, chuckle, again pealed out from the mouth of his rider.

“Is it laughing you are? by my soul, it’s

mealf that will put a stop to that," exclaimed the sergeant, seizing hold upon the arms that encompassed his neck.

But the arms were immovable, and it was in vain that he tugged and tugged; the little man grew peevish, and at last, downright angry, and commenced hammering with his heels into the sides of the sergeant until he fairly roared.

"Let loose your grip, ould gentleman," exclaimed he, "and the bating that I'll give you will be nothing to the one that I intinded for you at first."

But the little man liked not the terms, and still continued his hold upon his neck, while thump, thump, still rattled his heels against the ribs of the sergeant. The sergeant waxed furious, and the legs waxed vigorous, as they flew to their full stretch from beneath the little broad-tailed coat, and were brought back into the sides of the soldier with a violence that nearly annihilated him, and completely baffled all his attempts to keep count of the score which was thus rapidly running up on his ribs.

The face of the Irishman grew black with passion, and he poured forth volleys of oaths, with a most impartial indifference both as regards quantity and quality, but they sufficed not, for his rider still maintained his position, plying his legs as briskly as ever.

Now the sergeant had a stock of patience, but it was a small one, and soon exhausted, and he determined to get rid of his tormentor at all hazards.

He writhed and he twisted, he bounced about the room, he rolled upon the floor, he dashed his back against the wall, but in vain; his little friend was too quick for him; when he rolled upon the floor he was standing by his head, waiting for him to get up, and when he dashed himself against the wall, he was by his side, until he had got through, and nearly broken his bones by this manoeuvre; but, no sooner had he finished, than he was again upon his back, plying his heels as vigorously as ever, while the chuckel again grated in the ear of the discomfited Irishman.

At last the sergeant, finding that the fate of the war was against him, determined to try the effect of expostulation.

"I'd like to ax you a question, you blackguard—is it gentlemanly in you to kape hammerin' an hammerin' in my ribs in sich a manner, and havin' no more regard to my convenience than if mealf was an empty rum-puncheon? And now let me tell you, that it's perfectly unpliant, and altogether improper, to say the laste of it."

Again the hearty chuckle of the little man announced his enjoyment of the prank, while his heels worked away more vigorously than ever.

"Aisy now, ould gentleman; for the divil a rib will there be lift, if I'm to be straddled and hammered at sich a rate till mornin'. Whist! a word in your ear," said he, with a winning air, and laying his finger along the side of his nose: "Isn't it a compromise that we might make, that's honourable to both, and disgraceful to nather?"

The little man again chuckled, and opening

his mouth for the first time, condescended to speak: "Sergeant O'Donohu."

"Here," shouted the sergeant, as his military habits were, for a moment, revived by this call upon his name.

"I know that very well," returned the little man; "here you are, and here you are likely to remain, unless we can agree upon the terms of the compromise."

"Is it the terms? oh, ivy thing."

"Well, then, as regards the beating with which you threatened me?"

"Was I sich a fool as threaten that?"

"You most certainly did."

"Och! it's mistaken that ye are, but niver mind, we'll say nothing more about that; and now my little fellow, jist have the goodness to get off my shoulders."

"Stop, stop," quoth the little man, "not so fast; what pledge am I to have that you will keep to the terms?"

"The word of a soldier and a gentleman."

"Enough; honour is a thing I respect," answered the little man, "and now sergeant, bend down, so that I may get from your shoulders without injuring my limbs, and we'll seal the compact over a bottle of whiskey."

"Och, you're a beauty," shouted the delighted sergeant. "I knowed by the smell of your breath, that the whiskey you've been raised on is iligant. But methinks, my little fellow, that you were so mighty spry a short time ago, it could not trouble you much to git off my shoulders in the same way that you got on."

"Silence!" retorted the other, "that's my business."

"Divil a word will I spake," rejoined the sergeant, as the little man stepped from his shoulders, and bounded upon the table.

Here he paced up and down for some time, until the Irishman, who grew alarmed for his whiskey, thought it best to drop him a slight hint on the subject.

"I should not like to minton the whiskey which we were spakin' about," said he bowing low, and laying his hand upon his heart, "but honour—"

"Oh, honour bright," answered the other, "it shall be paid;" and, fumbling in his coat-pocket, he drew out a small bottle, which might contain about as much as would fill a moderate-sized wine-glass. "Bring me those two glasses. Ah! ha! sergeant, we'll have a night of it," drawing the cork from the mouth of the flask.

Just then the sergeant, who had been eyeing the size of the flask with a very doubting look, stretched out his glass: "To help company first is manners," said he; "so, if you please, I'll drink first, especially as that flask happens to be most particularly small."

Again the little man chuckled. "Small, sergeant; why it holds ten gallons."

"Tin gallons! niver."

"Do you doubt my veracity?" quoth the little man, bristling up.

"Doubt your voracity; divil a bit; divil a man that ever laid eyes upon that fat, round stomach of yours would be apt to do that."

"You are growing personal, sergeant," ex-

claimed the other, growing red in the face; "take care, or you will lose your whiskey."

"It was altogether unintentional, I assure you," apologized the sergeant; "but about that same whiskey. Is it tin gallans that there is?"

"You shall see," said the little man, who was as placable as he was quick-tempered; "hold out your glass."

The sergeant reached it out, and the other poured and poured, until the large rummer was filled to the brim, and still the quantity in the bottle appeared undiminished.

"It's a jewell, that bottle of yours," said the sergeant, eyeing it wistfully.

"It is, indeed, sergeant."

"And the whiskey, it's mighty powerful and intertainin' to the insides."

"It was called excellent at the place from whence it came," answered the little man.

"You may say that, but where *did* it come from? for if I may believe my own eyes, it come from no place at all."

"Ah! that's a secret," answered the little man, laying his finger against the end of his nose, with a very quizzical look; and only known to the initiated."

"The initiated, ph—w, I smell brimstone," retorted the sergeant, shoving back the oaken settle upon which he had seated himself, and feeling for his rosary; for, though a staunch toper, and not particular about his company, he was yet too good a catholic to enter into any compact that might endanger the forlorn hope which he yet entertained of sneaking through purgatory, without attracting more attention to himself than was absolutely necessary.

But at this motion the little man grew fidgety; "None of that, sergeant, none of that," said he, "it's uncivil, and I'll not submit to it; but come, fill your glass, an empty glass destroys fellowship."

"Might I take the liberty of asking your name?" said the sergeant, filling his glass.

"Ah, that, too, is a secret," said the little man, as his eyes began to twinkle, and a smothered chuckle rattled in his throat.

"Well, then, if I might make bould to reckon on such a subject, your name is——."

"What?" asked the other.

"No offence, I hope?"

"None in the world."

"Why, this, you are most commonly known by the name of Ould Nick," answered the sergeant.

"You have hit it exactly."

"And now sergeant, that you have discovered who I am, will you tell me what do you think of me? for I hear that some folks have slandered me, representing me as a crusty, ill-natured old fellow, who is continually getting his neighbours into trouble, and in fact, heaping upon my shoulders the accumulated villanies of every rascal that ever breathed."

"The blackguards!" ejaculated the sergeant.

"But, tell me, sergeant, what is your opinion of me?"

"Is it my opinion? Why then it is, that you are a divelish fine ould boy, and kape most excellent whiskey in that little bottle of yours. But, I say, Mr. Divil, none of your tricks; none

of your compacts; no clawing hold of the soul, I'll not stand that."

"Oh, by no means," returned the other, bowing low; "honour! sergeant, honour! but still I should like to see a specimen of your hand-writing; suppose you merely write your name upon this piece of paper," said he, reaching out a long roll of paper, covered with cabalistical characters.

"On that paper? divil a particle of it," answered the Irishman, who strongly suspected a snare.

"Well, then, try on this parchment," said the little man, smiling.

"Divil a letter."

"Then, you'll not sign it?"

"Divil a bit."

"And the whiskey."

"It's beautiful."

"You will please to hand me the rhino for what you have already drunk."

"Is it the money you mane?" asked the sergeant.

"Exactly," was the laconic reply.

Now the little man well knew that dense a copper was there in the sergeant's pocket, but to tell the truth he was not more fully aware of this than the sergeant himself; however he boldly walked up to the chest and commenced fumbling over and over the pockets, which had been fumbled and fumbled a hundred times before, and with like success; the perspiration stood in large drops upon his forehead, for he now began to tremble for the safety of his soul, but still he ransacked in the deep abyss, for he well knew that it could not want much of daylight, and could be but keep the devil at bay till then, he might not only save his soul, but cheat him out of the pay for his whiskey into the bargain. But the little man seemed to know this too, for he grew impatient.

"I'm a little pressed for time and will trouble you for that money as quick as convenient," said he, at the same time extending his hand.

"Och, its tinnin' you are," answered the sergeant, with a coaxing air, "for divil a copper has seen the inside of my pocket for this many a long day."

"Then you'll sign the paper," said the little man, with a winning smile, at the same time extending to him a small steel pen.

"That's perfectly impossible," returned the sergeant.

"Then I am to understand that you will neither sign nor pay?"

"That's it exactly."

"Then, here's my respect to you," said he, and seizing the sergeant by the nose, he wrung it until it fairly hissed; he sprang to the floor, dragging the body of the sergeant at his heels; he raced round and round the room; he battered the body of the sergeant against the wall; at one time his crooked legs were scraping against the chimney corner, the next they rattled against the table; still the little man raced on until fairly out of breath, and until every limb of the yelling sergeant bore testimony to the good will of his little friend; at last the cock crowed.

"Whiz! I'm off," shouted the little man; "but you'll go along, sergeant," and darting



the fireplace, he flew up the chimney, still pulling the unfortunate sergeant by the nose; but here his broad shoulder befriended him, for tho' the flue was sufficiently large to admit the escape of the little man, the sergeant stuck in the hip, and brought up so suddenly, that the grip slipped from his nose, and he fell heavily back into the room.

It was late the next morning when the bar-maid, coming up to awaken the sergeant for breakfast, found him snugly seated in the fireplace, while his nose, was holding forth in a most delectable soliloquy. A hearty shaking soon aroused the sergeant, and shortly afterwards he made his appearance at the breakfast-table, where he related his adventure; he was laughed at by all, but it was afterwards observed that from that period none of the family could ever be induced to visit that room after sunset; and a few years after, the whole house having gained the reputation of being haunted, was deserted and fell to ruin. How the sergeant settled his bill with the landlord, I never could fully learn; but I have since heard, that for more than a year afterwards, there appeared upon the side of the bar a long row of chalk-marks, the meaning of which no one could divine; but what puzzled them more than all, was the appearance of the three hieroglyphics, which stood beneath, and which, after close inspection, it was discovered were intended to represent the letters, T. O. D.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

## STANZAS.

I gazed when the beauty of life was untainted,  
The flush on the cheek was all blooming and gay;  
But ere on the mind the heart's feelings were painted,  
It hath in its loveliness faded away.

The young bud was nipp'd ere its leaves were expanded,  
To catch the soft vapour, the dew or the sun;  
Ere the soul to thy boundless realm's knowledge extended,  
The life glowing flush of its beauty was gone.

Thou hast fled like a meteor or mist of the mountains,  
Or the light clouds which fly on the wings of the gale;  
As the spirits which float o'er earth's sunny bright fountains,  
And o'er the soft breezes in mourning shall wail.

Bright as that sweet star which ushers the morning  
Short as its lustre thy stay upon earth;  
But loftier and brighter, where free from all mourning,  
Thy spirit shall rest where they know of its worth.

I have silently cherished that early nipp'd blossom,  
Though grief found no vent when thy soul didst depart;

Still deeper its lines hath been left on the bosom,  
The deeper its image is press'd on the heart.

Pure as the fountain from which springs its being,  
Thy spirit hath sought for the land of the blest;  
Untainted and free from thy poor earthly dwelling,  
Now go to thy Maker, sweet pilgrim, and rest.

Yea rest thee, my lov'd one, for bless'd is thy slumber,  
No sin of this earth can disturb thy repose;  
But angels shall wait thee, where souls without number,  
Are resting with God, from earth's harassing woes.

INDIAN BARD.

Written for the Casket.

## PARADISE OF SPRING.

A DREAM.

It was on the evening of the last day of winter that I sauntered from my lodgings towards a picturesque and moss-covered knoll, rendered dear to memory, as well from a quondam occurrence, as the imposing scenery it commands. It stands half a league distant and overlooks Hopkingsville, a pleasant and beautiful town with its landscape, environs of farms and streams, of hills and barrens. I reached the summit of the knob and recognized the same features which my frequent haunts had rendered familiar several years before. On its utmost height stood the same huge and stormbeaten stone. Wind and time and tempest, had polished and whitened it, but never had they shaken the hoary sentinel from his post. No! nor yet had they erased the initials of one engraven as indelibly on its side as the memory of her virtues were set on my heart. But this is foreign from my subject, and must suffice for that being. That spot to me was holy ground, and the durability of that stone, the dial of my constancy.

Being seated, and leaning against its base, I committed myself to meditation, but no exertion of mind could banish the associations of the spot from my imagination, until sleep, pleasant sleep, came ever with its lulling balm, and presented a vision, having but little affinity with my last waking thought. I saw the venerable monument against which I rested, slowly becoming higher, and still more elevated until it overlooked the grandest heights of earth. On looking round I saw Asmodeus, the demon tutor of Don Cleopas ascending the gentle slope on my right, and bearing company with a female personage whose mien and attire indicated a high order of being. The Demon of deformity informed me that his companion was the Genius of Fancy. At this I was startled with surprise; for in all my conceptions, and personifications, in all the imaginings of the poet, and creations of the artist, she had never been presented in her present character! she stood a few paces distant and rested in noble negligence on the low bending trunk of a thunder-rent ash. She heeded not the persuasive invitings of romantic beauty that lay scattered in the distance; but seemed engaged in burying every sense in the deepest vault of thought. Her features were wrapped up with composure, and her face though unfurrowed with a trace of care or time, told more of the matron than,

The nymph that "dwells  
In sylvan cells."

He related a ramble she had recently taken over the planet earth, in which journey she chanced to meet with the goddess of spring. The goddess was making a tour towards the south to her place of habitation in the "Paradise of Spring;" and in compliment to Fancy solicited her presence the next day, (1st of March) to witness the opening of the Paradise. Then waving his wand above my head I was directed to vault upon the summit of the spire, from whence I might behold Fancy through every trace of her voyage. I did as commanded, and soon found myself perched on the cloud crested

pillar. I looked towards earth and discovered Fancy as she arose in her flight. She is now the archetype of her general character; her very self in *propria persona*. She is now the sportive Naiad the agile sylph that bounds from beauty to beauty courting smiles from one and caressing another. She is now the airy Grace of lightest mould and like the sea shallow, glides now from islet to islet, then chases from billow to surge the high riding coral. Her eye of light swam not but played like lightning flash; and the carnation on her cheek was the tinge of an orient cloud. "Her locks were the white mists of the morning" that curled for a while then scattered in the gale. In this portraiture she fitted from the mossy mound; nor hasted her flight but glided apace and rested anon as one gilt spot of nature and another enchanted her gaze. In her wild orgies many was the rattling rill with mimic beach and ozier fringe to arrest her step, many a cliff was scaled to catch the enamelled profile of scenery away. Many the scowling crag she mounted to lave in the dimpled pool above, then dashing to the brink she rode on the mad cataract as its liquid tresses were flung from rock to rock down the rugged precipice. Now she sinks in a dank leafy dingle where the bittern's cry and the owl's hoot is all that gives cheer to the gloom of the glen. She takes her hence to the sunny plain beyond the steep, but her pathway is the cavern that passes beneath. The fountain gush in some distant hall is the voice of the cave; and the lair of the lynx is the mark of an absent tenant. The inmost recess was shaded in darkness, but brilliant and burning was the scone of the living day that poured in from the far off outlet, opening on a wide bounded plain that was studded with the livery of bloom.

That plain was the "Paradise of Spring!" it was the firmament of flowers, a diadem of brilliants giving back the lustre of a midday sun, like the clustering galaxy that mock with their twinklings the soft shining of the moon. Fancy paused—then wondered in delight; and moving towards the centre, she discovered the palace of the Goddess. The edifice was superb and spacious, and the materials of the structure the flowery products of spring. She was led by the Goddess through every border and bower of this panorama of nature's pearls. Beauties rich and rare, even such as had never appeared in the brightest galleries of her own paintings were constantly presented to her pampered gaze. But the creative laws of this Tempe were no fac-simile of the regulations of nature. Here was found no variation of climate to muffle with its mantle the products of April until those of March were matured; or retard the growth of May until the time and regular order of their coming. The same genial ray that warmed the germs of March, at the same time ripened and expanded the fruit and the blossom of May. Each month had its virgin florist and to each was a separate division in the Paradise allotted. The inclosure of March being thrown open for her departure through the world, they entered and found her making hasty preparations to leave the Paradise. She was a noisy blustering maid, of low though heavy stature,

with a complexion rough, and as deeply flushed as though it were dyed in the aurora borealis. Some of her borders were set with dwindling shrubs whose once budded foliage had been crisped and seared by the frost. In others might be seen a few scattered blooms that were cautiously expanding, though in seeming defiance of a turbulent mistress. By these she brushed scowling along and just snatched a handful of buds in which were gathered a snowdrop or two, a daisy and violet, a crocus and daffodil, with some others, and clapping her loud wings, was borne in a gust. April was tall and graceful; her fine modelled symmetry and contour of face bore the impress of elegant refinement without becoming effeminate, and the air of benevolent majesty without the rude deportment of March. Though placid and gentle, the flashes of feeling sometimes lighted her eye and she was unnumbered with any decoration of ornament save the blooming tuft that flowed loose from her head. The guardian of May was the same gay, erratic little damsel that I had always conceived. Her dress was light and that of the holiday belle of the village. There was an unconscious though lively innocence that played continually on her features; and those features were sketched with the hectic life, glow that arises on the spring tide of youth. But her eye was too restless and wayward; too eager and active in buoyant sports, and herself too untiring in playfulness. It is true her face was always lighted, and seemed a mirrored image just taken from the cast of her soul, and reflecting from it every vibration of delight; for that soul was the refuge of no other feeling. The chaplet she wore hung low on her brow, and the gentle impulse that rustled its blooms was the soft breathing gale that arose from her lips. She sprang to throw open the vineclad portal to her visitors and Fancy found herself ushered into the same department which she had passed on her way to the palace, and which had charmed and captivated her every sense. The rich parterres were dressed up in all the deep-hued trappings of the world of vegetation. Nor was it "any city of solitude;" no Elysium for departed spirits, but a mighty reservoir of incense; a great shrine, where nature hung her luxuries. It was also the scene of the living. Philomel and the sweet-singing canary, the parrot and high crested eagle were perched together on the same evergreen tree. The bee had buzzed from its Hyblion heights; the butterfly with rainbow dress, and the humming bird from Arabia's groves, all sipped from the same fountain of sweet that rose in the "lily's virgin bell." The "dear gazelle" the gentle lamb, the fawn and the highland kid all couched them down in the same verdant fold. Having strolled to the northern extremity of the plain they stopped at the spot that burst out at the foot of an aged laurel, and quaffed its azure element caught in the silken cup of the tulip. Here Fancy swept with her glance the prospect beyond the enclosure; and erected on a small eminence she espied, a huge and dark mausoleum. This the Goddess informed her was the tomb of Winter, a certain hoary and merciless tyrant, who after subduing autumn, held the earth in bondage for a season, and was careering to

wards the confines of Spring when his icy armour was destroyed by the shafts of the vernal sun, and himself slain on the event of executing his ambitious scheme. Here I woke and found my magic tower dwindled down to the "stone of the hill" and catching the last lingering ray of the sinking sun.

W. P. T.

## ISABEL L.

A TRUE STORY.

"When she was a tender, and beautiful infant in the cradle, did you see that unfortunate, that forsaken being?" said a venerable female, to a friend who was sitting with her, by the bedside of a poor emaciated woman, on whose features, as she lay in a disturbed, and uneasy slumber, were indelibly impressed the traces of the deepest sorrow. But the skeleton of her former self, she was a fit representation, of the image of woe. "I saw her in her childhood," replied the sympathizing friend; "she was an interesting child: little did her fond father think, as he dandled her on his knee, that she would ever be the victim of such deep, such incurable sorrow; or he certainly would have prayed, when she was at the verge of the grave, rather for her to have been taken from the evil to come, than for her restoration to health, which he so fervently did." A low moan, proceeded from the object of their mutual sympathy. They were silent; "Ah, my husband, don't leave me," murmured, she in a low tone, a deeper gloom overspreading her countenance, "don't leave me!" repeated she mournfully, "how can you deride me thus? if I have done wrong sometimes, have I not borne much for you, and from you? But you will not listen to reason, I see that your heart is hardened against me, and fixed on another: you take an exaggerated view of every thing; my imperfections, and the supposed perfections of another are alike distorted." After a short pause—"Oh," cried the still sleeping invalid, with evident emotion,—"that you were now, what you once were! *then*—however unworthy of your regard I might have been, you could not have witnessed such suffering, as you now cause, without relenting." A shiver seemed to run over the frame of the unhappy woman, as she started from her unquiet slumber. "Poor creature," murmured the old lady, "she cannot even sleep in peace." A deep sigh burst from the aching heart of the sufferer, as she opened her eyes and looked around; on seeming to recollect herself, she appeared confused and distressed,—"Don't be agitated, my dear," said her kind friend, "you have been dreaming, we are here, to do all we can for you; and your mother is not far off;" she closed her eyes with a shudder, her weeping sister, who had been sitting at the foot of the bed unobserved, now approached, and kneeling down by the bedside, pressed her hand on the throbbing temple of the afflicted one, "yes, my poor sister," said she, "we are all anxious to do all we can for you;" after a moment's silence, she turned her head, and leaned it on her sister's shoulder; "yes my dear Anna, I know that; and I desire to be thankful, for the many blessings I have left; God will chasten his children for their wanderings, but he will not utterly forsake them. My affliction is of a pe-

culiarly distressing nature, but no doubt, it is intended for my good, and I desire to be, and hope that I am, entirely resigned to the will of Heaven."

But I have commenced my story in the wrong place; I must give some account of the heroine, before I finish the sad tale of her suffering—but it must be a short sketch; it is too gloomy to enlarge on, there is too much truth in the history of this unfortunate female, to permit the writer to be very eloquent, in describing her troubles. Isabel M. was born in 18—, it makes no matter where, and it is not necessary that any notice should be taken of her life, until she reached the age of twenty-one, as nothing of any peculiar interest occurred before that time, or rather, I would say, from that period may the commencement of her troubles be dated, it was then she became a wife, it is true, with her own choice, but the attachment between her and Mr. L. was hastily formed, and they were as hastily united; her kind parents were too indulgent to oppose the wishes of their daughter, on whose judgment they placed much reliance, and she reposed too much confidence in her lover to refuse compliance to his urgent solicitations, to become his without delay—she could not doubt the purity of his motives, and indeed, it cannot be said, that they were improper, at least he said, and I believe, thought they were good; but still I cannot think, that Isabel was ever truly and devotedly loved by her husband;—he was in need of a wife at the time, and imagined, he loved the inexperienced, and fond girl, who was willing to marry him without delay, whether her friends approved of her hasty proceeding, or not. In a few days after, she promised to be his; Mr. L. carried the then happy Isabel to his home; and she, full of romantic notions, (for alas! she had studied romances too much for her good,) imagined that her bliss was complete, that she could never know what sorrow was; my dear Edward loves me, thought she, too tenderly, ever to be unkind,—he is the idol of my heart, how then can I ever be unhappy?—no, it can never be,—the world may censure, but what is all that to me, I have happiness they can never touch.

But alas! how mistaken was Isabel; Mr. L. had been a married man before; his former wife was his senior, and probably his superior, in every respect—she had much wealth at her command, and what was better, her youthful husband, was all her own; he looked up to her with reverence, as to a superior being; but now the case was exactly reversed;—he had married a girl much younger than himself, inexperienced in the ways of the world, and in the management of a family; and with a mind, it must be acknowledged, too full of visionary notions. Mr. L. soon discovered this, and what she thought, would operate much in her favour—that is, her disregard of the opinions of the world, in marrying him so suddenly, had the contrary effect; he soon formed a low, and even a contemptible opinion of his wife. The first symptoms Isabel saw of it, astonished and distressed her so, that she only made matters worse, by her excessive grief; she took, what he afterwards said was intended for advice, as unkindness; and without trying to conform to his wishes, at least, without trying in

a proper manner, as she afterwards forcibly felt; she yielded herself up to incessant sorrow: her husband remonstrated: for it cannot be supposed that he did not wish his wife to counteract any impressions, that were made on his mind, to her prejudice: but things only grew worse, they could not understand each other; she took every renewal of his remonstrance with her, as just evidence that he had never loved her. and he construed her continued griefs, into stubbornness and violence of temper. Sometimes, there would be a partial understanding between them. Mr. L. would occasionally manifest more than usual tenderness for her, it would fill his poor wife's heart with joy, and she would hope that all would yet be well; but unfortunately for Isabel, she had not discrimination to know how to improve those moments. I think she never knew her husband's disposition fully. He was a man of very peculiar turn of mind; possessed of strong prejudices, and extreme quickness of temper, it required great discernment and prudence in a wife, particularly one he considered his inferior, to get along comfortably with him; but alas! for Isabel, she possessed neither of those qualifications, in that degree, that was necessary for her peace and happiness; added to which, she also had a temper which she had not learned to govern properly. Thus, for the want of discernment, prudence and self command, on the part of Isabel, and of affection and forbearance, on her husband's part, was then a fatal blow given to the happiness, the peace—ah, even the last prospect of earthly felicity to the unfortunate Isabel; by her own hands, and the hands of one who had promised to protect and cherish her, under all circumstances. And here, were I to suffer the feelings that arise and oppress my heart, to predominate, I would lay down my pen and let the remainder of the sad story of Isabel L. sink forever into oblivion; but a hasty recital of her sorrow may prove a warning perhaps, to some inexperienced girl, should it fall into the hands of any such. In consequence of the continued misunderstanding between Mr. L. and his wife, his heart, which had never been her's as it should have been, ere he made her his wife, was entirely estranged from her, and the most bitter hatred seemed to take possession of his soul. Being of a warm temperate naturally, he sought and found another object, on whom to lavish all his fondness, and who, like his first wife, possessed many advantages, over his now neglected one. I, however, have not the least doubt, had Mr. L. ever felt half the affection for Isabel, that he now did for his new found love, that there was no obstacle in her to their permanent happiness, but might have been removed by kindness and perseverance on the part of an experienced and affectionate husband. If the entire alienation of Isabel's husband had been concealed from her, she could have borne the want of his love better, as she had now become a mother, which was certainly calculated to draw off her mind from former disturbances; and she would, in all probability, have grown more and more domesticated, and eventually have become such a wife, as even her scrupulous husband could not have objected to, but that could not be. Mr. L. found it necessary to his interest

to make his wife a confidant; it was highly necessary to his character, that the connexion which he had formed with a young and beautiful girl, should be concealed from the world; and he could not bear the idea of relinquishing one who had now engaged all his heart. Mr. L. therefore determined to throw himself on the generosity of his wife, he had no fears of her betraying him, he explained his situation to her, but did not permit her to know the strength of his affection for her happy rival, and gave her assurances that his love for her still existed, that it was not entirely gone; and that any thing she might do to promote his happiness now, would be adding to her own, as it would tend to render her more dear to him; and indeed he professed not to know which was most dear to him, his wife or the youthful Malvina; and said he could not reconcile it to himself, to desert the young and innocent girl, who had relinquished every prospect for him. He entreated his wife, therefore, to bear with him, and promote their happiness together—by doing which, she would secure his lasting gratitude and love. Isabel felt greatly shocked and astonished, when thus made acquainted with her husband's secret movements; but she immediately saw that opposition would do no good, but much harm: she also felt much cheered by the assurances of her husband's love, which she had feared was entirely extinguished; and by yielding, she was made to believe, that she would be nearer to her Edward, than she had ever been, and that was all that was necessary to her happiness in this world. She could not in her heart approve of her husband's conduct, yet she felt that acquiescence on her part was the best she could do: nay, she even went so far as to conform to every wish of his, under the solemn pledges he had made her, that such a course should ever operate in her favor. She could not blame her rival—her extreme youth and inexperience were a sufficient apology to the mind of Isabel, for her departure from a correct course which she knew had been only caused by the incessant importunity of her husband; the blame, therefore, was all his; and perhaps, thought Isabel, mournfully, had I done all my duty as a wife, this had never occurred; let me therefore bear it patiently, and be thankful that I have a part of my husband's affections left. The reader, if a gentleman, may laugh at Isabel's folly in thus flattering herself, for her hopes, her newborn expectations, were doomed to perish in the bud. For my part I know too little about the heart of man, to determine whether she was justifiable in entertaining such hopes as she did, or not; but from the observations I have made in a short, and not uneventful life, I think differently. But be that as it may, poor Isabel was disappointed, bitterly disappointed; she saw her last hope wither before her eyes, like the tender flower that is just planted under the scorching rays of the midday sun. When she saw her imaginary hopes dissolve in the air—when the solemn pledges of her husband were permitted to pass as words without meaning—then it was she gave herself up to despair. Sometimes, under very peculiar aggravation, which she had daily to bear, she would become almost reck-

less of consequences, would yield herself up to fits of desperation and folly, which only made the breach between her and her powerful and revengeful husband, still wider. At length poor Isabel's cup of bitterness and woe, was filled to the brim. I would forbear going over a description of her trials, of her anguish of soul, of the contempt and ill usage that was heaped upon her devoted head; neither will I pretend to say that Isabel, at all times, acted prudently; but this much I will say, that she endured much. But the time did arrive when endurance was no longer possible. A separation took place. Isabel was deserted by her husband, and cast off a heart-broken wife. She lingered a few months after, but her peace, except what was drawn from a hope of immortality beyond the grave, was forever gone; her constitution was broken, and not all the kind attention of sympathising friends, could restore the heart-broken Isabel—she sunk into the grave, pitied by all who knew her sad story.

Thus perished the earthly hopes, the earthly prospects, and the earthly life of Isabel L. But her melancholy fate will be remembered and lamented by some, while life lasts. A.

### LINES.

Yes—one by one earth's fondest ties,  
Are severing within my breast;  
And in my long sear'd bosom lies  
No hope—no wish to make it blest.

Would the dark curtain of the grave  
Could close around my weary head,  
As calmly as the ocean wave,  
Above the sinking wrecks o'erspread.

For once, I thought the world was fair,  
And knew not that such dark deceit  
Lay under beauty's semblance there;  
This was I unprepared to meet.

I placed my all upon one cast;  
I loved her as none loved before;  
And misery I found at last  
Too soon—my hopes prostrate and o'er.

I loved, through happiness and ill,  
Without a hope—without a fear—  
We ne'er could be united—still  
I'd love her, even to her bier.

Oh! 'twas a portion of that love,  
That all around the eternal throne,  
Unites the hearts of those above,  
The ties that mortals love to own.

It was with me—ah, vain—I thought  
That she could love me, with a feeling  
As pure as mine—unasked—unbought—  
As music o'er the senses stealing.

Heard at a distance wild and free,  
Producing o'er the attentive mind  
A dreaming thought of ecstasy—  
A thought that could not be divined.

Such was my love—my adoration,  
Imagination—like a dream,—  
Such was my love—heart's dedication,  
To her, my constant—only theme.

Ah! those were happy days—though fled  
As evening's golden shadows haste;  
Still will I call it from the dead,  
A green spot in my memory's waste.

Though young in years, my hopes are crushed,  
Withered as buds before a blast;  
A blight as o'er my spirits rushed,  
My days of sunshine all have past.

Once, nature's charms were dear to me—  
The music of the water-fall—  
The songster in the green-wood tree—  
The echo-cavern's rocky hail—

The tall blue mountains' rugged breast—  
The gently flowing, waveless river,  
Whereon the dark green shadows rest,  
Of forests that have stood forever.

There's rapture in the setting sun,  
There's glory in his crimson beam,  
The rapture has departed—gone,  
The glory from the mirror-stream.

My strain must close—would 'twere the last—  
The last sweep of my breaking chords;  
Oh! how the memories of the past  
Rush, at the lone heart's parting words!

A light has o'er my spirit broken,  
A light that I have shunn'd before,  
I feel it—yes—it is a token,  
That my worn spirit must give o'er.

Earth's but a "broken reed at best,"  
Still we must tread the path we've trod;  
The weary soul will find no rest,  
But in the bosom of its God.

W. F. B.

### From the New York American. THE HEBREW REQUIEM.

"They made a funeral oration at the grave, after which they prayed, then turning the face of the deceased towards Heaven, they said—"Go in peace;"  
*Hebrew Antiquities.*

Go thou in peace—we may not bid thee linger  
Amid the sunlight and the gloom, of earth,  
Where every joy is touched by sorrow's finger,  
And tears succeed the brightest hour of mirth;  
Thine upward gaze is fixed upon the dwelling  
Where sin and sorrow never more are known,  
And seraph tips, the loud Hosanna swelling,  
Have caught the music of celestial tone.

Go thou in peace—thy home on earth now leaving  
In the lone chamber of the dead to dwell,  
Thou hast no portion in the sorrow heaving  
The hearts whose anguish tears but freely tell—  
A path of light and gladness is before thee,  
The hope of Israel in fruition thine,  
And thou wilt gaze upon the beams of glory  
Around the throne of Israel's God that shine.

Go thou in peace—why are the loved ones weeping  
Around the spot where now thy form is laid,  
There is no cause for grief that thou art sleeping,  
Free from each trial, and untouched by pain;  
Thy path has been through many a scene of sorrow,  
The weary form has needed this repose;  
Calm be thy rest until the eternal morrow  
Its light and glory on thy dwelling throws.

Go thou in peace—temptation cannot sever  
The tie that now unites thee to thy God;  
The voice of sin—of unbelief—can never  
Enter the precincts of thy low abode:  
We leave thee here with mingled joy and sadness,  
Our hearts are weak, our faith is low and dim,  
Yet to the Lord we turn with chastened gladness,  
And yield our friend—our brother up to him.

M. J. W.

## THE TIGER'S CAVE.

An Adventure in the Mountains of Quito.

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us its clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehension of a violent storm. We soon found their fears well founded. The thunder began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning; flash followed flash—above, around, beneath,—every where a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in the cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time, he returned and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty and not a little danger, at last got into it.

When the storm had somewhat abated, our guide ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge, was so extremely dark, that we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it, even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a groaning or growling in the further end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman crept about on their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded.

They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of green color; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood-red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "We have come into the den of a ——" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and, at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree, and then hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal; and we were lost beyond redemption if he reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment our exertions were success-

ful and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay.

There was a small open space however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by his glowing eyes, which he rolled glaring with fury upon us. His frightful roaring too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous, heart-piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton with his usual calmness, "aim at his eyes: the ball will go through his brain, and we shall have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command they both drew their triggers, at the same moment; but no shot followed. The Tiger who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance, but feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet.

"All is now over," said Wharton, we have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter.

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which, for the moment, defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved, and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the further end of the cave; I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled growling, and the tiger, which had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild and impetuous manner; then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest broke forth in a deafening howl.

Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity, to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down, as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of the string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them; and before we were aware what he had intended, he threw them through



the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears.

The thunder had now ceased; and the storm, had sunk to a gentle gale, songs, of birds were again heard in the neighboring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture, how all nature was reviving, after the war of the elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerebus kept watch over us.—The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength; and his limbs being stretched out at full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once, another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately arose and answered it with a fearful howl. At the instant our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears; for another tiger, not quite so large, came rapidly to the spot where we were.

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every thing of horror that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his cry with hers.—Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forwards, with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, which lay stretched out besides his cubs, and he rose and joined in the hollow roarings. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased.

Our Indians descended from their tree, and called upon us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves, by instant flight; for that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were, no doubt, acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and following the examples of our guide, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees, with which the storm had strewn our path, and the slippiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs, in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks, threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the neighboring forest; the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff, except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge, to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock.

He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress with a moment's pause rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment in the air, above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance: she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom, was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rock. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek as if all hope had been lost.

But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger and struck his sword into the tiger's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff he seized Wharton by the thigh. The heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while, with his right, he wrenched and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance, but Lincoln who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss.—*Edin. Literary Journal.*

[The following poem, written by one of the young ladies of the Albany Female Academy, obtained the first premium gold medal, at the recent annual examination in that institution.]

### THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH.

HAIL! thou eternal flood, whose restless waves  
Roll onward in their course, as wild and free  
As if the shores they lashed were not the graves  
Of mouldering empires? When I think of thee,  
Thou dost remind me of the ebbless sea—  
The sea of Time, whose tide sweeps unconfin'd,  
Its channel Earth, its shores Eternity;—  
Whose billows roll resistless o'er mankind:  
Like that thou rollest on, nor heed'st the wrecks behind.

Thy shores were empires; but the tide of Time  
Rolled o'er them, and they fell; and here they lie,  
Wrecked in their greatness, mouldering yet sublime.  
And beautiful in their mortality;  
And godlike men were there, the wise and free;  
But what are they who now look o'er thy waves?  
They're but as worms, that feed on their decay,  
They kneel to stranger lords—a band of slaves,  
Of men whose only boast is their ancestral graves.

Upon thy shores the Holy Prophets trod,  
And from their hill-tops came the voice of One  
Whom *thou* obeyest, even the Eternal God;  
And on thy breast the Star of Bethlehem shone.  
That star, though quenched in blood, hath risen a  
sun,  
And other climes are radiant with its light;  
But thy fair shores, alas! it shines not on,  
Save when some land with its effulgence bright,  
Reflects the heavenly rays upon their moral night.

Philosophy hath decked her form divine  
In all her loveliest draperies, and wrought  
Her brightest dreams by thee, thy shores her shrine;  
Thy sons her oracles, the kings of thought;  
But they have passed, and save their names, are  
naught  
And their bright dreams are buried like their clay,  
Or shattered, like the fanes where they were taught  
But though religions, empires, men decay,  
Thou, restless, changeless flood—thou dost not pass  
away.

There Poesy hath woven such fair dreams,  
That man hath deemed them bright reality;  
There she hath peopled hills and vales and streams  
And thy blue waters with her phantasy;  
And fabled gods left heaven to roam by thee;  
There she embodied passions of the heart  
In such fair forms, that frail mortality  
Failed to conceive, until triumphal Art  
Bade from the Parian stone the immortal image start.

The loftiest bards whose names illumine the past  
Have hung upon thy shores, and thy deep tone  
Ceased at their Orphean lyres;—but now the last,  
"The Pilgrim Bard," whose matchless song alone  
Hath made thy name immortal as his own,—  
A stranger of the north, but "as it were  
A child of thee," his spirit too hath flown,  
Thus have the greatest passed. Thine azure air  
Still echoes to their song, but thou alone art there.

Thine empires one by one have fall'n, and now  
The last is crumbling in decay—yea, she,  
The coronet upon thy furrow'd brow,  
The mistress of the world, the queen of thee,  
The paradise of earth, sweet Italy;  
Strip'd of her queenly robes in dust she lies,  
Enchained by slaves nor struggling to be free.

There hath she fallen, as the dolphin dies,  
More brightly beautiful in her last agonies.

But though thy shores are sepulchres that time  
Hath peopled with dead empires, though they are  
But shattered wrecks, and every other clime  
Hath sprung from their decay; yet Nature there  
Hath made her *gall* of beauty—sadly fair.  
And they shall be, while thy blue waves shall foam,  
The Mecca of the world—the altar where  
Science, Devotion, Genius, Art, shall come,  
And feel as Moslems feel above their Prophet's tomb.

And thou, unchanging flood, that wanderest on  
Through that dark path of ruin and decay,  
Still must thou roll untainted and alone.  
Men shall arise, and shine, and pass away,  
Like the bright bubbles of thy glittering spray;  
And thrones shall totter, kingdoms be laid waste—  
Yea, empires rise and fall along thy way,  
Like the dark heavings of thy troubled breast;  
But thou shalt still roll on—for thee there is no rest!

From the Saturday Evening Post.  
STANZAS.

### On the Death of a talented Young Friend.

"GREAT GOD! how could thy vengeance light  
So bitterly, on one so bright?  
How could the hand that gave such charms,  
Blast them again?"

BRIGHT, viewless dead! receive the lays  
Which flow from friendship, most sincere  
If round this globe, thy spirit strays,  
Or haunts the scenes that once were dear.

The muse who knew thy gifted powers—  
Who oft admir'd thy burning verse—  
Shall strew thy urn with brightest flowers,  
And all thy matchless worth rehearse.

When night his ebony throne resumes,  
When skies reflect their softest ray,  
When flow'rs give out their sweet perfumes,  
Around thy dew-wet grave I'll stray.

Some friendly hand a tomb will raise,  
And genius rear the sculptur'd stone,  
Which justly shall record thy praise,  
And tell how bright thy virtues shone.

The youths, whose generous bosoms swell  
With rapture, at thy rising fame,  
Shall all thy manly graces tell,  
And hand to future time thy name.

For thee, on each returning year,  
Beauty will heave the tender sigh;  
For thee shall drop the briny tear,  
And all her native numbers try.

Around yon kind paternal dome,  
Where oft thy childish footsteps stray'd,  
Methinks there hangs a solemn gloom,  
Which saddens all the distant glade.

Like Virtue's image, sent on earth,  
Thou charm'd'st awhile our wondering eyes,  
Then sought the climes that gave thee birth,  
And wing'd thy way to happier skies!

If Virtue can a crown receive,  
What dazzling glories deck thy head!  
No longer, then, let friendship grieve,  
Since thou, from woe to bliss art fled.

But why did all-mysterious heaven,  
Form such a faultless piece of clay?  
Why was the transient blessing given,  
Thus to be torn so soon away!

Written for the Casket.

## AN ESSAY

*On the Education of Females.*

"Remember, man, the universal cause  
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;  
Heaven breathes thro' every member of the whole,  
One common blessing as one common soul."

FORM.

In this country, talent and good sense have been united to promote the general respectability and comfort of the community—the laws of other nations have been consulted, and the efforts which they produced examined prior to the formation of our own code, judging from the experience of others, those which had been proved to be beneficial, were selected, and any having a tendency to lessen the dignity of man, were rejected—no wild speculations were hazarded—no Utopian theories were attempted to be realized, and if it be true that originality is simply judicious imitation, we may claim for our edict the merit of being original, as well as admirable. They gave to every American a right to vote, and in order that this inestimable privilege should be granted to men capable of using it with propriety, they gave them likewise every facility for obtaining an Education calculated to enlarge the mind and fit them for their duties to themselves and the commonwealth—the species of knowledge most necessary, and the best method of conveying that knowledge, have been frequently discussed, and the formation of a College in consequence of Mr. Girard's bequest, has elicited the opinions of men whose experience, enlightened minds and benevolence, gives us an assurance that their prospects are such as would tend to the advancement of the rising generation, both in a moral and political point of view; yet while so much care has been evinced for the cultivation of the minds of men, it seems strange that one material circumstance should be overlooked, namely, the foundation upon which those excellent principles of instruction are to rest—when an architect draws his plan of an edifice, it does not escape his recollection that the basis by which it is to be supported, must be solid, durable and in keeping with the remainder of the building, although it is not destined to share in the admiration which the structure, when complete, may excite either by its usefulness or its beauty—and should not the architect of the human mind look out for laborers suited to the task of forming its first ideas in order to qualify it for its future destruction? To whom is the earliest formation of the mind necessarily entrusted?—To women—and are women prepared by their own Education to perform this duty? It is to be feared, not—custom has made it indelicate for an unmarried lady to speak of being a wife or mother; ought not this to be rectified—should she not on the contrary be made fully to understand the importance of the stations assigned to her. How would a man act in his trade, his profession, or as a citizen, if it were considered a breach of decorum on his part to speak on the subject—or if they were made theories for jests to be laughed or blushed at—why cannot women receive the same advantages as men in this

case? why cannot their early years be passed in preparing them for the situations they will be called upon to fill when they arrive at maturity? The only reply that can be given to this question is, that custom has arranged otherwise; but it should be broken—this, like many other absurdities which have clogged the human mind, and which are day after day discovered to be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." A gentleman who had lately written some able and ingenious letters upon the Education of young men, says "there are fewer absurdities in the Education of Females, than in that of the opposite sex"—if this be true, it is indeed to be desired that such men as the writer alluded to, would devote their talents to clear away the dark cloud which hangs between them and the light of reason and truth—yet there can hardly be a greater absurdity than the ignorance in which women are kept of the duties of their allotted sphere—another fault exists in the lure held out to induce them to learn. A young lady commences the attainment of some accomplishment—she finds it, difficult and this difficulty engenders a dislike—she asks why she must learn it, and what is the answer, "because it is fashionable—because Miss such a one learns it, and because it will make you appear to advantage when you grow up;" these are sown—the seeds of that vanity, which is attributed to females—the child naturally concludes that it must be of great consequence to appear to advantage, and no wonder if it becomes her first object in after life; in place of drilling her to appear to advantage in company, it would be more conducive to her usefulness and to her happiness, if she were taught to look upon her accomplishments as means to render her more pleasing to her family or more capable of passing her solitary hours agreeably; this would alleviate some of the sorrows of the female sex—she who leads a life of celibacy would by this course be taught to turn to her accomplishments as sources of delight, in place of that disgust to which the present mode of tuition gives rise; how does she regard them as years advance, and it chances that no one sues for her hand.—Her acquirements have failed in their object, they have not, after all, made her appear to sufficient advantage to obtain for her one eligible offer—they were given her for ornament, not for use, and the victim of a fallacious mode of Education, is left to repent, "a youth of follies," and to meet "an old age of cares"—so much for its effect upon single ladies; and how for married ones—the whom Heaven gave to man for a companion, but alas! the designs of providence are prevented, custom has said that as the duties of men and women do not assimilate, neither need their education—is not this an absurdity; on the contrary, ought not some means be devised to encourage a reciprocity of taste; persons of opposite tempers may agree, but those whose tastes differ, rarely do—or indeed who would, if he consulted his reason, choose for a companion one who was ignorant of the subjects which interested him or who disliked the pursuits he loved to follow. For this reason, men often seek abroad for that social intercourse from which they are debarred at home; this leads to dissipation and ex-

travagance, and is the cause of many of the evils of wedded life; in like manner it produces ill effects between a mother and her son—the child remains in her charge for five or six years or even for a longer period—or if he is sent to school, it is frequently to a female teacher who is not better qualified for the task than is the mother herself—at length he is placed under the care of a master, and objects are presented to his imagination, totally different from those he has been hitherto accustomed to contemplate. He hears other boys in the course of their lessons, tell some historical anecdote which attracts his attention; he relates it in turn to his mother and how does she act—does she seek to show forth his ideas upon the subject—does she relate some similar circumstance, and throw a clear light upon the interesting fact, alas! no—she either evinces an indiscreet admiration of her boy's acquisition of knowledge, or she shows an equally indiscreet indifference about it. In the former case, she exalts the child's opinion of his own understanding, and lessens his reverence for her, and in the latter, she represses the natural desire of his young mind to make his mother his confidant, and in consequence his affection diminishes, he seeks for another heart to be the repository of his thoughts, and thus a bar is placed between him and the mother who watched over his helpless infancy, and she mourns, when he arrives at the age of manhood, that he neither pays respect to her advice nor shows a desire for her society. If women were made aware of the necessity of conforming themselves to the taste of their husbands and sons—if their minds were allowed the same advantages, there can be no doubt of their using their knowledge with propriety—they are told that a well ordered house ought to be their chief boast, and behold what neatness, what cleanliness and what an appearance of comfort is found in those of the American women; but their domestic avocations do not employ their whole time, even in the humble walks of life, and habit has rendered them so easy, that although they employ their hands, they do not occupy their thoughts too much, therefore, would not be imposed upon them, if in addition to their present studies they were called upon to assist in the formation of the minds of their children, it would prove an advantageous exercise for their mental faculties, it would lessen their fondness for dress, expensive furniture, and above all, that senseless gossip on which men look with contempt. Let the ample page of history be laid open for the perusal of females, in place of their present superficial knowledge of its contents. In every female seminary let some portion of each day be set apart for conversation and needlework, let the governess then introduce some subject combining instruction and interest, this will create a distaste for that idle chit chat, to which many females, estimable in other respects, are so much addicted—and this will relieve them from the necessity of seeking for topics suited to the limited understandings of women when they are conversing with them. The line drawn between the two sexes is a remnant of barbarism, a custom engendered when war was the business of men, and at periods when women were sunk be-

neath their proper standing or elevated far above it. It is a line which Providence has not drawn, never was it said to the intellects of women as to the troubled waves, "So far shalt thou go and no further"—Oh no—in all improvements projected for the male part of the creation, if some care is not bestowed upon the other portion of it, the scheme will prove visionary—an air-built castle which resembles the poet's wish for his mistress.

As half in shade, and half in sun;  
The world along its path advances—  
Oh may the side the sun's upon,  
Be all that ever meets thy glances.

This is very beautiful, but it is also impossible—and it is equally impossible for men to bask in the light while women are left in the dark. The stronger mind of man may sustain the full glare of intellectual beams as the eagle's eye is framed to meet the full rays of the sun, while that woman can only encounter its brightness at a distance; but if she is completely left in the shade, her influence will prevent men from ever leaving it totally—this influence is of the most dangerous kind under the present state of things; for it is unacknowledged and therefore, no care has been taken to inspire women with a prudent use of it, yet has it existed through all nations.—Behold the Spartans whose matrons were employed to deliver the shield to their sons on going forth to battle with words to unite them to bravery. Behold the Romans, who when their State was on the brink of ruin, sent their females to the Volscian camp, and the proud, the injured Coriolanus yielded to the tears of his mother—by her influence, did Esther save her tribe; let us therefore take example from the history of other countries and seek to turn the power of women to good account, and in place of their idle ing weeds to spring forth in their stead, let us teach flowers to grow—Education most refine the soul, it softened the voices of the English Elizabeth, and to it she owed the glory of her reign. It strengthened the unfortunate lady Jane Grey—preserved her during her youth from the dissipation of high life, and assisted her to resign her throne and her life, without a sigh. But we need not look to other times or other countries, for its effects, who can read the pure effusions of Mrs. Sigourney's muse, without acknowledging the delight which educated minds, when endowed with genius, can give, or who can behold Mrs. Hale exerting her talents for the support of her orphan family, without feeling proud of their countrywomen—these are bright constellations, shining forth amid darkness; nor are they alone—yet although, we do not expect such luminaries to rise in every man's home any more than we should hope that each separate star in the milky sky, should omit the effulgence of Venus or Mars, yet we desire, ardently desire, that every female mind may receive its portion of light, whether it afterwards sheds it around for the benefit of others, or confine its rays to a narrower orbit—then should the glowing lines of the poet be verified—

"Woman, lovely woman,

Nature made you to temper man;  
We had been brutes without you—  
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven;  
Amazing brightness—purity and truth;  
Eternal joy and everlasting love."

MRS. BEYL.

Written for the Casket.  
**FLOWERS.**

"How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

O nature's charms, I love them—  
But view'd in flowers the most,  
The loveliness 'tis theirs to wear, the fairest cannot  
boast;  
The Tulip gay, I love it—  
With its bright spreading leaves,  
And the sweet and modest violet that scents the pass-  
ing breeze.

The fragrant Rose, I love it—  
Emblem of beauty meet;  
And the little flower Forget-me-not that springs be-  
neath my feet!  
The Lilly pure, I love it—  
The fairest of all flowers,  
With its snow-white leaves so delicate, so fit for  
queenly bowers.

The Cowslip small, I love it—  
With its tiny cups of gold;  
And the Hyacinth, whose fragile bells are cast in  
beauty's mould!  
Sweet flowers, I dearly love ye,  
Remembrancers of youth,  
Remembrancers of days now past, of friendship,  
home, and truth.

Oh! childhood's days were happy,  
When I placed ye in my hair—  
And my playmates sporting, called me the "fairest of  
the fair."  
Now when ye beauties charm me,  
In garden, vale, or glen,  
I do not fly as once I did, to pluck ye from the stem;  
For those who love'd me now are gone,  
With them my joys are fled;  
Some far away, some cold estranged, some numbered  
with the dead.  
Your simple graces oft recall  
The playful group again,  
Alas! that memory of past joys should add to present  
pain.

To me sweet flowers, your fading,  
With it a sadness brings,  
It seems to say, how fleeting are earth's most lovely  
things—  
It seems to speak of pleasure's past,  
Fled like the morning's ray;  
It speaks of young affection crushed, bright dreams,  
ah! where are they?

Faded and flown like May's last flowers  
In rude December's blast—  
Like them too bright, too beautiful, in this cold world  
to last!  
But not like them to bloom again  
With the first breath of spring,  
Oh no! they never, never know, a second blossoming.

FLORA.

From Outre-Mer.

## THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

The more you mow us down, the thicker we rise;  
the Christian blood you spill is like the seed you sow;  
—it springs from the earth again and fructifies the  
more.

TERTULLIAN.

As day was drawing to a close, and the rays  
of the setting sun climbed up the dungeon wall,  
the prisoner sat and read in a tome with silver  
clasp. He was a man in the vigor of his days,  
with a pale and noble countenance, that wore  
less the marks of worldly care than of high and  
holy thought. His temples were already bald;  
but a thick and curling beard bespoke the  
strength of manhood, and his eye, dark, full, and  
eloquent, beamed with all the enthusiasm of a  
martyr.

The book before him was a volume of the early  
Christian Fathers. He was reading the Apolo-  
getic of the eloquent Tertullian, the oldest and  
ablest writer of the Latin Church. At times he  
paused and raised his eyes to Heaven as if in  
prayer, and then read on again in silence. At  
length a passage seemed to touch his inmost soul.  
He read aloud:

"Give us, then, what names you please, from  
the instruments of cruelty you torture us by, call  
us Sarmaticians and Semaxians, because you  
fasten us to trunks of trees, and stick us about  
with faggots to set us on fire; yet let me tell you,  
when we are thus begirt and dressed about with  
fire, we are then in our most illustrious apparel.  
These are our victorious palms and robes of glory;  
and mounted on our funeral pile we look upon  
ourselves in our triumphal chariot. No wonder,  
then, such passive heroes please not those they  
vanquish with such conquering sufferings. And  
therefore we pass for men of despair, and vio-  
lently bent upon our own destruction. However,  
that which you are pleased to call madness and  
despair in us, are the very actions, which under  
virtue's standard lift up your sons of fame and  
glory, and emblazon them to future ages."

He arose and paced the dungeon to and fro,  
with folded arms and a firm step. His thoughts  
held communion with eternity.

"Father, which art in Heaven!" he exclaim-  
ed; "give me strength to die, like those holy  
men of old, who scorned to purchase life at the  
expense of truth. That truth has made me free;  
and though condemned on earth, I know that I  
am absolved in heaven!"

He again seated himself at his table, and read  
in that tome with silver clasp.

This solitary prisoner was Anne Du Bourg, a  
man, who feared not man. Once a merciful  
judge in that august tribunal, upon whose voice  
hung the life and death of those, who were per-  
secuted for conscience's sake, he was now him-  
self an accused,—a convicted heretic, condemn-  
ed to the baptism of fire, because he would not  
unrighteously condemn others. He had dared  
to plead the cause of suffering humanity before  
that dread tribunal, and in the presence of the  
king himself to declare, that it was an offence to  
the majesty of God to shed man's blood in his  
name. Six weary months,—from June to De-  
cember,—he had lain a prisoner in that dungeon,  
from which a death by fire was soon to set him

free. Such was the clemency of Henry the Second!

As the prisoner read, his eyes were filled with tears. He still gazed upon the printed page, but it was a blank before his eyes. His thoughts were far away amid the scenes of his childhood, amid the green valleys of Riom, and the Golden Mountains of Auvergne. Some simple word had called up the vision of the past. He was a child again. He was playing with the pebbles of the brook,—he was shouting to the echo of the hills,—he was praying at his mother's knee, with his little hands clasped in hers.

This dream of childhood was broken by the grating of bolts and bars, as the jailor opened his prison door. A moment afterwards, his former colleague, De Harley, stood at his side.

"Thou here!" exclaimed the prisoner, surprised at the visit. "Thou in the dungeon of an heretic! On what errand hast thou come?"

"On an errand of mercy," replied De Harley. "I come to tell thee—"

"That the hour of my death draws near?"

"That thou mayst still be saved."

"Yes; if I bear false witness against my God—barter heaven for earth—an eternity for a few brief days of worldly existence. Lost, thou shouldst say,—lost, not saved!"

"No! saved!" cried De Harley with warmth; "saved from a death of shame and an eternity of woe! Renounce this false doctrine—this abominable heresy—and return again to the bosom of the church, which thou dost rend with strife and dissension."

"God judge between thee and me, which has embraced the truth."

"His hand already smites thee."

"It has fallen more heavily upon those who so unjustly persecute me. Where is the king?—he who said, that with his own eyes he would behold me perish at the stake?—he, to whom the undaunted Du Faur cried, like Elijah to Ahab, It is thou, who troublest Israel! Where is the king?—called through a sudden and violent death to the judgment seat of heaven?—Where is Minard, the persecutor of the just?—Slain by the hand of an assassin! It was not without reason, that I said to him, when standing before my accusers, Tremble! believe the word of one, who is about to appear before God; thou likewise shalt stand there soon,—thou, that sheddest the blood of the children of peace. He has gone to his account before me."

"And that menace has hastened thine own condemnation. Minard was slain by the Huguenots, and it is whispered, that thou wert privy to his death."

"This at least might have been spared a dying man!" replied the prisoner, much agitated by so unjust and so unexpected an accusation. "As I hope for mercy hereafter, I am innocent of the blood of this man, and of all knowledge of so foul a crime. But tell me, hast thou come here only to embitter my last moments with such an accusation as this? If so, I pray thee, leave me. My moments are precious. I would be alone."

"I came to offer thee life, freedom, and happiness."

"Life—freedom—happiness! At the price thou hast set upon them, I scorn them all! Had the apostles and martyrs of the early christian church listened to such paltry bribes as these, where were now the faith in which we trust! These holy men of old shall answer for me. Hear what Justin Martyr says in his earnest appeal to Antonine the Pious, in behalf of the Christians, who in his day were unjustly loaded with public odium and oppression."

He opened the volume before him and read:

"I could wish you would take this also into consideration, that what we say is really for your own good; for it is in our power at any time to escape your torments, by denying the faith, when you question us about it; but we scorn to purchase life at the expense of a lie; for our souls are winged with a desire of a life of eternal duration and purity, of an immediate conversation with God, the father and maker of all things. We are in haste to be confessing and finishing our faith; being fully persuaded, that we shall arrive at this blessed state, if we approve ourselves to God by our works, and, by our obedience, express our passion for that divine life, which is never interrupted by any clashing evil."

The Catholic and the Huguenot reasoned long and earnestly together; but they reasoned in vain. Each was firm in his belief; and they parted to meet no more on earth.

On the following day Du Bourg was summoned before his judges to receive his final sentence. He heard it unmoved, and with a prayer to God, that he would pardon those who had condemned him according to their consciences. He then addressed his judges in an oration full of power and eloquence. It closed with these words:

"And now, ye judges, if indeed you hold the sword of God as ministers of his wrath, to take vengeance upon those who do evil, beware, I charge you beware, how you condemn me. Consider well what evil we have done; and before all things, decide whether it be just, that we should listen unto you, rather than unto God. Are you so drunken with the wine-cup of the great sorceress, that you drink poison for nourishment? Are you not those, who make the people sin, by turning them away from the service of God? And if you regard more the opinion of men than of heaven, in what esteem are you held by other nations and principalities and powers, for the martyrdoms you have caused in obedience to this blood-stained Phalaris?—God grant, thou cruel tyrant, that by thy miserable death, thou may'st put an end to our groans!"

Why weep ye? What means this delay? Your hearts are heavy within you. Your consciences are haunted by the judgment of God. And thus it is, that the condemned rejoice in the fires you have kindled, and think they never live better, than in the midst of consuming flames. Torments affright them not,—insults enfeeble them not,—their honour is redeemed by death—he that dies is the conqueror, and the conquered, he that mourns.

No! whatever snares are spread for us, whatever suffering we endure, you cannot separate us from the love of Christ. Strike them—slay—grind us to powder! Those that die in the Lord



shall live again; we shall all be raised together. Condemn me as you will—I am a Christian; yes, I am a Christian, and am ready to die for the glory of our Lord—for the truth of the evangelists.

Quench, then, your fires! Let the wicked abandon his way, and return unto the Lord, and he will have compassion on him. Live—be happy—and meditate on God, ye Judges! As for me, I go rejoicing to my death. What wait ye for! Lead me to the scaffold!"

They bound the prisoner's hands, and leading him forth from the council-chamber, placed him upon the cart, that was to bear him to the Place de Grève. Before and behind marched a guard of five hundred soldiers; Du Bourg was beloved by the people, and a popular tumult was apprehended. The day was overcast and sad; and ever and anon the sound of the tolling bell mingled its dismal clang with the solemn notes of the funeral march. They soon reached the place of execution, which was already filled with a dense and silent crowd. In the centre stood the gallows with a pile of faggots beneath it, and the hangman, with a burning torch in his hand. But this funeral apparel inspired no terror in the heart of Du Bourg. A look of triumph beamed from his eye, and his countenance shone like that of an angel. With his own hands he divested himself of his outer garments and gazing round upon the breathless and sympathizing crowd, exclaimed:

"My friends; I come not hither as a thief or a murderer; but it is for the gospel's sake!"

A cord was then fastened round his waist, and he was drawn up into the air. At the same moment the burning torch of the executioner was applied to the faggots beneath, and the thick volumes of smoke concealed the martyr from the horror-stricken crowd. One stifled groan arose from all that vast multitude, like the moan of the sea; and all was hushed again, save the crackling of the faggots, and at intervals the funeral knell, that smote the very soul. The quivering flames darted upward and around; and an agonizing cry broke from the murky cloud:

"My God! My God! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee!"

The wind lifted the reddening smoke, like a veil, and the form of the martyr was seen to fall into the fire beneath, that glowed like a furnace seven times heated. In a moment it rose again, its garments all in flame; and again the faint, half-smothered cry of agony was heard:

"My God! My God! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee!"

Once more the quivering body descended into the flames; and once more it was lifted into the air, a blackened, burning cinder. Again, and again this hellish mockery of baptism was repeated; till the martyr with a despairing, suffocating voice, exclaimed:

"O God! I cannot die!"

The chief executioner came forward, and either in mercy to the dying man, or through fear of the populace, threw a noose over his neck, and strangled the almost lifeless victim. At the same moment, the chord which held the body was loosened, and it fell into the fire to rise no

more. And thus was consummated the martyrdom of the Baptism of Fire.

### IDLE WORDS.

I have a high sense of the virtue and dignity of the female character; and could not, by any means, be thought to attribute to the ladies emphatically, the fault here spoken of. But I have remarked it in some of my friends, who, in all but this, were among the loveliest of their sex. In such, the blemish is more distinct and striking, because so strongly contrasted with the superior delicacy and loveliness of their nature.

"My God!" the beauty oft exclaimed  
With deep impassioned tone—  
But not in humble Prayer she named  
The High and Holy one.

'Twas not upon the bended knee,  
With soul upraised to heaven—  
Pleading, with heart felt agony,  
That she might be forgiven.

'Twas not in heavenly strains to raise  
To the great Source of good  
Her daily offering of praise,  
Her song of gratitude.

But in the gay and thoughtless crowd,  
And in the festive hall,  
'Mid scenes of mirth and mockery proud,  
She named the Lord of All.

She called upon that awful name,  
When laughter loudest rang—  
Or when the blush of triumph came—  
Or disappointment's pang!

The idlest thing that flattery knew,  
The most unmeaning jest,  
From those sweet lips profanely drew,  
Names of the Holiest.

I thought how sweet that voice would be,  
Breathing this prayer to heaven—  
"My God, I worship only thee;  
O, be my sins forgiven!"

### LINES

*Extracted from an unpublished Poem.*

"Oh, believe not the tears that in torrents are rushing  
"Unnoticed, unchecked, down the colourless cheek,  
"Oh! believe not the sobs from the bursting heart gush-

ing  
"A sacred, a deep rooted sorrow bespeak."

*Priest Song—Housa.*

No, 'tis not the eye dimm'd with weeping and sadness,  
That tells the dark tale of a desolate heart;  
It is not the soul that is frenzied with madness,  
Can tell the deep pangs that its blighting imparts.

Oh! when the lov'd idol at whose altar'd shrine  
So often in fond adoration we've knelt,  
Is torn from the spot, and the heart must resign  
Each hope that it clung to, each wish that it felt.

Then, then, can the tear tell the torture of feeling?  
Oh no, as it rose 'twould congeal in the eye,  
And calm, settled gloom o'er the mourner's heart  
stealing

He would hide all his sorrows, and silently die.

Full many a cheek, that with smiles may be lighted,  
Is a mask to the heart that is with'ring beneath,  
As the core of the tree may be perish'd and blighted,  
'Tho' freshness and fragrance around it may breathe.

## THE SOIREE MUSICALE.

From "Gale Middleton," a new novel, just published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life,  
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!  
Where are you now? and what is your amount?  
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.—THOMPSON.

It happened that, on the day fixed by the Duchess of Harrowgate for the musical party in Portland Place, Sir Matthew, having some official business to transact in his capacity of alderman, with the common councilmen of his ward, had engaged a party of them to dine with him afterwards at the London Tavern, a circumstance very acceptable to Lady Middleton, who, knowing his boon companions of the city to be no less staunch toppers than himself, had no apprehension of seeing him return home until long after the departure of her fashionable guests. How she had toiled and tormented herself in all the preliminary arrangements; how keenly she had calculated the mode in which the greatest display could be reconciled with the smallest expense; so as to combine magnificence with meanness; how she had racked her imagination and exhausted her taste in arranging the decorations for the rooms, and the ornaments for the supper table; how long and deeply she had meditated upon the new dresses to be worn by herself and her daughter—these and a thousand other hows, whys, and wherefores, "the willing Muse shall tell." Suffice it to state, that all was at length completed to her entire satisfaction; the great, the important, the long expected night had arrived; the drawing-rooms, hung with rich draperies, and brilliantly illuminated with wreath-entwined lamps, lustres, and candelabra, seemed to anticipate, by their joyous aspect, the gay and glittering pageant of which they were shortly to be the scene; every thing, in short, was ready, and every thing wore a look of cheerful expectation, unless we may except the bass-voiced, violoncellos, and other musical instruments deposited in a little orchestra, fitted up at the extremity of the suite. These vehicles of harmonious sound, which had so often enraptured a polite audience, and were about to do so again, appeared, by their grave aspect, to be wrapped up in the dignity of their own silence, and to be either feeding upon the recollection of their past exploits, or to be seriously perpending what they should next achieve. The leader's violin, supported by a music-book, was evidently consulting the bow, twisted beneath its bridge; the subordinate instruments were not less obviously listening to the conference; and as to a portly bass reclining against the wall in a brown study, you might have sworn that he was weighing the respective merits of Rossini and Mozart. Perhaps we may have erred in thus interpreting the meditations of these inanimate occupants of the orchestra; but as to the significant and serious air of self-importance which they severally assumed, we speak without the smallest fear of contradiction.

Lady Middleton's good taste, of which we have already made honourable mention, shone conspicuously in the embellishments of the apartments, which were at once chaste and rich;

sufficiently resplendent to stimulate and delight, but not so gorgeous as to dazzle and satiate the spectator, or to offend him by an air of ostentation. In her personal appearance the same nice tact was perceptible. Other wives, circumstanced like herself, might have thought themselves justified, considering the great reputed wealth of Sir Matthew, in bedizening themselves with diamonds, and challenging the admiration which the high and low vulgar willingly concede to such evidence of opulence. Aware of her origin, though she did as much as possible to forget it, and determined not to afford a plea for any sneering imputations upon civic smugness, Lady Middleton left her jewels in their box, and, avoiding all attempts at magnificence, only sought to render her attire as elegant and as becoming as possible.

As a special favour, she had procured from Lady Barbara Rusport a list of the company to be invited, with an intimation, however, that some addition might be subsequently made to the number. Over this catalogue, many names of which appertained to members of the high and mighty exclusives, superlatives, and inaccessible, had she brooded with the exultation of a little mind, which tells that it is about to triumph over and mortify all its competitors. Of these names she had extracted the most fashionable conspicuous, to weave into a variety of newspaper paragraphs, writing them with her own hand, and seldom concluding her employment without ejaculating in a tone of triumphant delight, "So much for Mrs. Maltby! I will take care she shall have all the papers. Poor thing! she will be half killed with envy!" Many people are in the habit of imputing malignant feelings to those whom they dislike, as an excuse for their own; a species of self-vindication in which it will be seen that Lady Middleton was not deficient, although, in point of fact, there was little or no ground for the charge against her sister, and, consequently, no valid pretext for her own jealous and uncharitable feelings. "There will be no small uproar," she continued, "among my old acquaintance, when they find that not one of them is invited to my party; but as I shall be under the necessity of cutting them when I have the *entrée* among the exclusives, it may be as well to bring our separation to immediate issue, and give them their dismissal at once. It is only to be never at home to them when I am in the house, and never to see them when I am abroad, and the whole affair will be settled in three months."

This soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Cecilia, who, under her mother's directions, was attired with an elegant simplicity, though the effect of her well-turned and well-dressed figure was neutralised by her inexpressive features and general air of insipidity. "I am sorry that we are not to have Sir Dennis to-night," said the mother, "he assures me that he could easily have accomplished it, through some of his noble friends who are acquainted with the Duchess; but as he abhors a crowd, has no particular penchant for music, and abominates trouble of all sorts, he declares that he would not be at pains of applying for a ticket."

To this observation the daughter made some

unimportant reply, and, as they walked up and down the room, both endeavouring to assume an air of self-possession, which was foreign to their hearts, they fell into conversation upon the approaching entertainment, each hoping that the Duchess and Lady Barbara would come early, as there would otherwise be so much awkwardness in their being totally unacquainted with their guests. It was not without a sudden start of the body, and some little trepidation of spirit, that they heard the first thundering knock, which seemed sufficiently consequential to announce the desiderated patroness of the entertainment; but, to their great disappointment, it proved to be a party of titled strangers, whose names they could not catch, so miserably were they blundered by Dupin, who Gallicized one half of what he heard, and perverted the other moiety into gibberish. Carriages now rolled in unintermitted succession into Portland Place; loud and incessant became the appeals to the knocker; Dupin announced a whole Babel of unintelligible appellations; peers, peeresses, and commoners, poured through the open door; the drawing-rooms began to fill with turbaned chaperons, rouged staring dowagers, tittering young ladies in tulle dresses and wreaths, *roué*-looking elderly gentlemen with bald heads and spindle sharks, and here and there a solitary juvenile beau. Tongues chattered in every variety of intonation, from the loud confidence of the oracular and infallible peeress, to the lisp of the simpering *débutante*; plumes waved, diamonds glittered, and silks rustled; but still the Duchess and Lady Barbara did not make their appearance, and the embarrassment of Lady Middleton and her daughter, who, amidst all this interchange of recognitions and tittle-tattle, were no more noticed in their own house, than if they had been statues, increased with every passing minute. Evident as was the awkwardness of their situation, it excited not in their distinguished visitants the smallest attempt to remove it; they conducted themselves exactly as if they were in a theatre, or other public place, into which they had paid for admission. Upon these occasions there is a negative rudeness which none but the polite world can assume, and which is almost as offensive as a positive incivility. They who had first arrived, and who could not, therefore, fail to recognize the mistress of the mansion and her daughter, measured them superciliously through their glasses, and passed on with a cold stately indifference to criticise the rooms. There were but two unnoticed outcasts, and their situation spoke for itself, although many of the promenaders seemed to be quite unconscious of their presence, as with a condescending and patronising air they ejaculated—“Really, now—all things considered, the rooms are by no means inelegant—I hadn’t the least idea they could get up these things so decently in this part of the town—ar’n’t you amazed, Lady Wringleton?”

“Oh, never more so! quite an agreeable surprise. It must be confessed that the apartments are admirably fitted up, though I understand that Sir Matthew—really I quite forget the old gentleman’s name—is a citizen and alderman. How very odd!—exceedingly singular!

—remarkable! People may well talk of the march of intellect!”

Pride, it is said, feels no pain; but even Lady Middleton, with all her pitiful ambition and grovelling aspirations, felt humiliated at being exposed to so much impertinence in her own house. Cecilia, abashed at the bold and almost contemptuous stare with which she was regarded, whenever she ventured to lift up her eyes, could have cried outright; and both the mother and daughter listened with increasing impatience for the announcement of the noble patroness, who was to introduce them to their visitants, and enable them to be at home in their own house.

At length they caught the welcome dames of the Duchess of Harrowgate and Lady Barbara Rusport, when they were presented in form, first to her Grace, and, subsequently, to several of her friends; most of whom comforted themselves with an air of stiff, cold, haughty condescension, little better, even in its assumed courtesy, than a direct insult. At this juncture a name was announced, which would have induced Lady Middleton to distrust the evidence of her ears, but that individual to whom it appertained was presently ushered into the drawing-room. It was no other than Mrs. Howard Maltby, who, having by some inexplicable means procured an introduction to the Duchess, had contrived to get invited to the party. Magnificently dressed, and looking provokingly well, she tripped up to the Duchess, made her a profound obeisance, smiled graciously on the mistress of the mansion, and then ran up to every individual with whom she was acquainted, in order to state that she came as the friend of the Duchess, not in virtue of her relationship to the lady of the house. Poor Lady Middleton was ready to sink into the earth with vexation. To mortify Mrs. Howard Maltby had been the main object of the party which she had collected together with so much management; and now to find that her sister had anticipated her in making the acquaintance of the Duchess, and outsparked her in her own house, was beyond all human endurance. The victim, thus justly punished by the disappointment of her machinations and the recoil of her own angry feelings, writhed under the infliction; but good-breeding and conventional politeness enabled her to conceal her emotions beneath a smile more than usually bland and complacent. After the Duchess had gone through the form of presentation, leaning all the while on the arm of Miss Borradale, she inquired for Gale Middleton; and, on learning that he had been compelled, on account of his health, to visit the country, she expressed her disappointment in terms that shewed her to be out of humour, while her *protégé* brought her spectacles nearer to her eyes, and uttered a doleful and dissonant hem! From this moment her Grace, evidently piqued, introduced no more of her friends, but sunk into an easy chair, gazing at the assemblage with a vacant unconcern, and venting her spleen upon her unfortunate toady; for Lady Barbara, anticipating this burst of peevishness, had made her escape.

Lady Middleton, already distressed and disconcerted, saw that something had annoyed her illustrious patroness, though she knew not what,

and, by way of supplying some new object of attention, wished to expedite the music, as the performers had, by this time, mostly taken their positions in the orchestra; but even this she hardly knew how to accomplish without contravening the instructions she had received from Lady Barbara, and appearing vulgar, which it was her special object to avoid. "*Laissez faire*," was to be her motto, and an absolute nonchalance was to mark her demeanour. Far from caring for her guests, she was not even to wear the semblance of caring for herself, so that she wandered disconsolately up and down her rooms, with an anxious and aching heart, but smiling and gracious countenance, not knowing to whom to speak, and spoken to by none: wishing the concert to begin, and yet afraid to give any orders for accelerating it, lest she should exhibit an unfashionable *empressment*. For want of proper arrangements beforehand, a tedious day ensued, but the leader, at length, gave his preparatory flourish, the company took their seats, the place of honour being appropriated to the Duchess, and the concert at length began.

It exhibited the usual features presented by such entertainments among a people who pay more and care less for music than any other upon the face of the earth. The timid young ladies, who had been afraid lest their voices should be overheard, now ventured to flirt and chatter, like parrots, under cover of some of the finest pieces of Beethoven and Rossini; while the dowagers and old women gossips of either sex, seemed determined that their tongues should keep tune with the fiddlesticks, getting into a louder key with every *crescendo* movement, as if resolved to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." Had Orpheus himself played to such a herd of human animals, he would have set nothing dancing but their tongues. Even the vocal performers failed to command more than an occasional attention, most of the company being evidently of opinion that no voice was so sweet as their own; while all afforded a most audible and irrefragable proof, that even the taciturn English may be stimulated into loquacity by really good music. Upon this occasion, however, the spectators, we cannot call them auditors, were not less enthusiastic than discriminating in their applause, invariably lavishing the most ecstatic "bravos!" upon those songs or pieces to which they had paid the least attention. To be sure, they reserved these marks of favour for the conclusion, so that they were perhaps merely expressing their natural delight at being brought so much nearer to the termination of the concert. By the help of incessant discourse and occasional plaudits, it did terminate at length, all parties, and especially those who had been the most incessant talkers, agreeing that it had been a remarkably good concert, and had gone off uncommonly well. Let us not, however, be misunderstood as imputing to our countrymen a uniform indifference to the charms of music. When a private concert is to be followed by a supper, the two or three pieces are sure to collect a numerous and eager audience, a fact that was illustrated at Lady Middleton's, where a knot of officers, a bevy of beaux, and two or three *vieux garçons*; all of whom, if they had no stum-

ach for music, had, at least, an excellent ear for champagne and Roman punch, simultaneously made their appearance full three minutes before the commencement of the finale.

The performers, doubtless very much flattered by the vehement applauses they had received for not being heard, now took their departure, and the company began to perambulate the rooms, waiting for the announcement of supper, when a disturbance sounded up the stairs from the hall, of which we must give a passing explanation. Foiled in all her attempts to procure a ticket for the party, and yet determined to make a bold push for admission, Mrs. Burroughs had arranged with her friend Dupin, whose services she had procured by a bribe, that she should be smuggled into the drawing-room during the *mélée*, that usually precedes the going to supper. For the music she cared not, but she coveted the *écclat* of being present; and she only desired to be in time for the supper, because her dear little darlings were so fond of *bombons*. Attired, accordingly, in her new figured silk dress, and bedizened with all her jewels, baubles, and gold chains, she presented herself in Portland Place; but, unfortunately for the success of her scheme, the Duchess had ordered that none should be admitted who did not bring their cards of invitation, and, to guard against interlopers, had directed that one of her own servants should be stationed in the hall. Faithful to her orders, this man put a veto upon her introduction; and Mrs. Burroughs, in the fear of a detection that would not place her in a very enviable light, made a precipitate retreat, leaving her battle to be fought by Dupin, who lavished abuse in broken English upon the Duchess' menial, and would, probably, have received a broken head in return, had he not taken to his heels and sought sanctuary in the drawing-room.

Here the company were still loitering about in different groups, beguiling the time with such elevated and edifying conversation, as is usually heard in similar assemblages. After complimenting one another on their mutual good looks, their divine *toques*, delicious turbans, and exquisite tiaras, the elderly ladies parted from their dear friends with a most affectionate smile, and then whispered to their companions,—"Never saw her look so ill in my life,—a frightful head-dress, but, poor thing! she never had an atom of taste." The young ladies flirted, and simpered, and talked nonsense, almost as glibly as the dandy dangles by their side; while the elderly gentlemen, gathered together in solemn conclave, discoursed with a becoming gravity of the winners and losers at the Newmarket meeting, of the new female opera-dancer, and of a recently discovered intrigue in fashionable life, upon the subject of which they evinced a proper sense of morality, unanimously condemning the parties for the irremissible crime of—suffering themselves to be found out.

Tom Rashleigh, for thus familiarly was he always termed, who affected, upon every occasion, to be the very latest of the late, and who had rather bear the liquid music of out-poured champagne, than the finest strains of Paganini, now made his way into the drawing-room, where his progress was presently arrested by the Duchess

of Harrowgate, to whose arm-chair he was summoned. Her Grace's motives for wishing to conciliate the man she most disliked, we have already stated; but though she feared him, she found a certain pleasure in his society, for he sometimes said droll things, sometimes abused her best friends, and, in either case, administered a momentary excitement to her stagnant faculties. "Dear Mr. Rashleigh!" she exclaimed, "I am glad you are come, but how shockingly late you are! This affair is awfully dull; I have not found the least pleasure in it, hitherto, and now I have lost Miss Borradaile."

"Surely that must be a pleasure. I congratulate your Grace on the loss, and recommend you to offer a handsome reward to any one who shall find and bring her back."

"Nonsense! do tell me whether you have passed her in the *malin*."

"Oh, yes! I saw her just now—quite plain."

"I understand the meaning of your emphasis, but I will have no reflections on poor Miss Borradaile, who does not make any pretensions to beauty."

"I don't know why she should not, since she lays claim to talents."

"Why should you always be so censorious, Mr. Rashleigh?"

"Why should others wish to monopolize all the scandal to themselves?"

"You do not glance at me, I hope. No injurious rumours can be laid at my door: I am merely an echo."

"Echo never begins a story, and in babbling about what she has heard from others, makes it less at every repetition. Far be it from me to doubt that your Grace acts up to this character."

"Nay, our dull gibes may be excused; they fall to the ground by their own weight."

"But mine, your Grace would infer, being pointed with wit, and sometimes barbed with epigrammatic verse, fly like an arrow, and seldom suffer their object to escape without a wound. Ay, there's the rub. Doubtless you think, as others have done, that I deserve to smart for my smartness. I might be as malignant as others, if I would only be as stupid. Many thanks for the implied flattery. I never knew a man who would refuse a compliment to his head at the expense of his heart. But I differ from your Grace; there is a species of slander, which, being adapted by its ponderous dulness to every capacity, has a wider range than any other: like a leaden bullet, its heaviness only enables it to go farther, and hit harder."

"Nay, I am not in the humour for arguing, nor, indeed, for anything else. You know how anxious I have been to get a good lion for my next grand party. I had already exhibited the man who performs upon his chin, and the child who plays the Battle of Prague upon a penny trumpet, and the Swiss milk-maid, who yells the *Ranz des Vaches*; and for my coming *soirée*, I had made sure of securing the son of our civic poet, about whose strange adventure in the church-yard all the world have been lately talking; but he has taken himself off into Sussex—was ever any thing so provoking! One cannot easily get another man who has been buried alive."

"Not in London, Duchess! in the country they are common enough."

"They say that the poor young man's intellects, not of the strongest order before, will never recover from the fright."

"Talking of frights, yonder is Miss Borradaile, walking arm-in-arm with old Lady Toteridge, who pretends to have a nervous affection in the head—the only thing she has in it, by the by—in order that she may display her diamond tiara to more glittering advantage. I wonder that your *protégés* should select for her companion a deaf, dull, peevish crone, who, were it not for the Thames Tunnel, would be the greatest bore in existence."

"It must be confessed, that Miss Borradaile is somewhat singular in her tastes: she always attaches herself to what every body else dislikes."

"I never understood until now the secret of her inordinate self-love."

"You are prejudiced against her; in solid attainments, I can assure you, that there are very few of either sex who come near her."

"They are quite right; I wouldn't, for one. Ah! I do her an injustice; I see she can admire something besides herself, for she is evidently eulogising the drapery of yonder curtains, and, in common candour, I feel free to confess that the apartments are fitted up with an inexplicable taste, considering that they belong to a *PARVENU* a *roturier*, an actual *bons-fide* alderman, and a native of the *terra incognita*, eastward of Temple Bar. We shall soon hear of Hottentots building habitable hotels." It required no small impudence in a man of the most obscure origin to affect this fashionable arrogance, but Rashleigh had upon all occasions so confidently sneered at upstarts and fellows of low birth that he had actually extorted credit for being a person of good family. "Pray, Duchess," he continued, "did you notice that beautiful cast of Minerva in the hall?"

"No!"

"Then I will speak about it to Lady Bridget O'Leary; she, you know, must have seen it, for she has always a cast in her eye."

"How can you be so illiberal? her's is by no means a squint, but an agreeable obliquity of vision. Her admirer, Jack Rutland, thinks it a beauty."

"Ay, her eye is like a bowl; its bias takes it out of the straight line, only that it may more certainly hit the Jack. *Appropos* of little deviations from the straight line, where is your friend, Lady Barbara Rasport?"

"Just now she was sitting at the window of the boudoir, gazing at the moon, of which she has always been fond."

"That I can understand, for there is a man in it."

"I cannot listen to such innuendoes. Would you insinuate that Lady Barbara——?"

"I only say that she is a philanthropist. A person so charitable as your Grace will hardly hold this to be a disparagement."

"Really, Mr. Rashleigh, I do not exactly comprehend you."

"Truly, Duchess, I can very easily believe it; but, hark! there is the supper bell, which few

will deny to be the best and pleasantest music they have heard to-night. Shall I have the honour of escorting your Grace down stairs?"

Lady Middleton had requested the most distinguished nobleman present to offer his arm to the Duchess, which he tendered accordingly; but so completely was this dictatress of the fashionable world enslaved by her fear of ridicule, that, in defiance of all established rules, and to the profound horror of many a "tenth transmitter of a foolish face," she pleaded a prior promise to Rashleigh, and suffered him to conduct her to the supper-room.

A considerable quantity of plate, with a variety of handsome ornaments, having been hired for the decoration of the tables, they presented a very beautiful appearance; the banquet was elegant without any gewgaw tawdriness, and sufficient without superabundance; yet the comfort of the whole entertainment was spoiled by some of those paltry economies from which Lady Middleton could not refrain, even in the midst of a profuse expenditure. Rather than pay the full price to men accustomed to wait at table, she had engaged a cheaper and less expert set of assistants, who, not knowing where to find any thing that was wanted, and unable to comprehend the broken English of the sputtering Dupin, ran over each other, spilled the liquors and the viands upon the guests, and filled the whole apartment with most admired disorder. The champagne, being from Sir Matthew's cellars, was of excellent quality, but as her ladyship would not incur the expense of ice, which she declared to be unnecessary, and had moreover ordered the wine to be deposited upon the table beforehand lest it should be purloined by the servants, it had become so warm as to be scarcely drinkable. Nor had she been more fortunate in his Roman punch, which, having been furnished by an inferior confectioner, who supplied it at a lower price, was little better than a libel upon the exquisite and unrivalled beverage of which it bore the name.

As some of the young sprigs of fashion conducted themselves very much as if they had been at a tavern, their dissatisfaction at these epicurean delinquencies came to the cognizance of Lady Middleton, not only by their distasteful looks, but by very unequivocal exclamations of surprise and disappointment, which filled her with inexpressible mortification. Though she could not hear Tom Rashleigh, she gathered from his manner, and the sneering laugh of his immediate circle, that the wag who affected an ultra and superlative epirourism, was unmercifully quizzing the contents both of the long and the green glasses. It annoyed her also to perceive that the Duchess, evidently *ennuyée*, notwithstanding the sallies of the wittling at her side, looked frequently and impatiently at her watch, as if anxious for the hour at which she had ordered her carriage.

In spite of these partial failures, the banquet seemed to be passing off with a tolerable cheerfulness, so far as might be judged by the oomingled clatter of tongues, glasses, and plates. A supper-party is almost always pleasant and sociable, and the present offered no exception to the festive and hilarious character of such en-

tertainments, so far as the guests were concerned; though the mistress of the mansion and her daughter were not participants in the general gaiety. With a serene and complacent smile mantling over her features, the former sat upon thorns; while Cecilia, abashed, and unnoticed, and feeling herself completely out of her element, sighed more earnestly for the conclusion of the entertainment than she had ever desired its arrival. The general exhilaration, however, continued to increase; the madeira and fronsinac, which were pronounced admirable, seemed gradually to thaw the torpor of even the most frozen fashionable; the *bonbon* crackers exploded with a sharp report, that justified an affected exclamation of alarm from some, and a derisive simper from others; the significant motions elicited pleasant titterings; smiling countenances, white teeth, and sparkling eyes were to be seen in every direction; the solemn foppery of *haut ton* had been so far forgotten, that an unequivocal, we had almost said a hearty, laugh had more than once been heard; in short, the whole party was at its very acme of enjoyment, when a sudden and obstreperous irruption of strange figures into the banquetting-room, filled some with terror, and all with utter amazement, instantly silencing every sound, except the screams of the more timid young ladies.

We have recorded that Sir Matthew had engaged a party of common-council-men to dine with him at the London Tavern, all of whom were as unflinching toppers as himself. At a late hour of the night some of these revellers were still at table, and still calling for fresh bottles, shouting Bacchanalian songs, when, upon a proposal being made that some devilled turkey should be ordered for supper, Sir Matthew ejaculated—"Hey, what?—do you want some—hick!—supper I mean. Lots to be had at my house. *Mig* has got the platter-faced Duchess, and a set of scarecrow Countesses to listen to—hick!—twiddle dum twee, and squally-wally. More fool she!—never mind: can't make a silken sow of a purse's ear. Tell 'ee what, lads—'Spose we tumble in upon 'em, and help 'em to—hick! finish the—hick!—capital fun! frighten platter-face and the scrags of mutton out of their wits. Hick, hick, hick! Ha, ha, ha!"

For an enterprise that was to begin with a wild frolic and end with a supper and champagne, his auditors, who were still more intoxicated than himself, were exactly in cue, and they accordingly received it with a shout of assent. Sir Matthew, scarcely able to stand, less, however, from ebriety than from his chuckling laughter, as he thought of the astonishment which his unexpected appearance would excite, invested himself in his alderman's gow; his companions put on their robes; and the whole party reeled into a hackney-coach, shrieking a verse of one of their standard Bacchanalian songs—

What's life but a frolic, a song and a laugh,  
My toast shall be this, while I've liquor to quaff,  
May mirth and good fellowship always abound,  
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

On descending from their vehicle in Portland Place, they found lying on the hall table, some of the instruments belonging to the performers,



when each, "for madness ruled the hour," the motion of the coach having completed the intoxication of the whole party, imitated the example of Sir Matthew, by snatching up a fiddle, followed him to the door of the supper-room, and burst into the midst of the assemblage, all scraping their violins in a dissonant screech, and yelling in chorus—

Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

In the belief of many of the guests that this uncouth and boisterous pageant constituted a portion of the night's entertainment, and that the performers were destined to enact some species of mask, the first cries and faint screams of the females were rather indicative of surprise than dismay; while the rest preserved silence, in order to gather, if possible, the meaning of the scene. Meanwhile, Sir Matthew, still plying his screeching fiddle and hiccoughing his Bacchanalian chorus, advanced to the head of the table, and, fixing his fuddled grapy eye upon her Grace of Harrowgate, stammered out—"What, hey, are you the moon-faced Duchess?—hick! very glad to see—no—ar'n't glad at all—not my doing—all Meg's—hick! But now you're come I'll give 'ee a buss, not—notwith—notwithstanding—hick!"

The first person that seemed to comprehend Sir Matthew's real plight, was the Honourable Augustus Fortescue Sidney Clavering, a sprig of nobility and a coronet of dragons, who, after peering at him through a jewelled eye-glass, ejaculated with a distasteful look, and in an effeminate lisping voice—"Ath I hope to be thaved! the nathty fellow'th beathtly drunk!" This had already been discovered to be the case with the Baronet's companions, who, in the fond, maudlin blindness of intoxication, had offered to salute some of the mummy-like dowagers, and rouged scraggy countesses, occasioning a shrieking dismay, and confusion, which it would be difficult to describe. In the midst of this hubbub, the reeling Alderman put his audacious arm round the fat throat of the Duchess, and attempted to salute her cheek, when her Grace, struggling to avoid the indignity, escaped from the embrace, leaving in his arm not only her *toque* and its splendid ornaments, but the entire wig that concealed the ravages of time upon her head.

Heavens and earth! was ever such a profanation known? The dictatress of the *last ton*; the queen of fashion, the autocratrix of the exclusives and the inaccessible, to be thus exhibited to the *élite* of her subjects, sitting upon her throne with a bald pate!! Even the inebriated Sir Matthew seemed, by his solid and bewildered stare, to be struck aghast at this unexpected apparition of a bare scalp; but, as he discovered the cause of the phenomenon, he exclaimed—"Hey, what? little scull, big body—like a turnip on a sack of—Hick, hick, hick! Ha, ha, ha!"

The age of chivalry hath not altogether passed away. An indignant cry of—"Knock him down!" burst from the Knights and Cavaliers who had witnessed this inexplicable outrage, and several of those who surrounded the offender prepared to obey the summons; but the object

of their wrath, always as bold in spirit as he was powerful in body, and enflamed by the vinous valour that delights in a scuffle, no sooner perceived their intention, than he brandished his violin as a weapon of defence, and whirled it round him with a sudden and vehement swing, which brought its extremity in collision with the scull of the Honourable Augustus Fortescue Sidney Clavering. The hollow sound that ensued, might have proceeded either from the instrument, or from the cranium upon which it impinged; but the effects upon the respective vacua were very different. With a lugubrious groan, the smashed violin breathed its last upon the spot, while the unwounded cornet merely measured his length upon the floor, beholding an incalculable number of additional lights, and ejaculating "Oh, the thocking, thanguinary thavage! Thave me! thave me! I am quite thure he hath thplit my thcull!" He had nothing farther, however, to apprehend from his assailant, for Sir Matthew having overreached himself in the blow, tumbled beside his prostrate victim, and was utterly unable to rise again from the floor.

In other quarters of the room two or three of the common-council-men, not less pugnacious than their leader, struggled and fought with those who endeavoured to secure them; but they were forcibly expelled, and their companions fairly carried out of the apartment in the simultaneous rush, and dispersed them in search of their respective carriages, amid hysterical cries, and indignant execrations, and vociferous orders, and clamorous footmen, and swearing coachmen, and a general confusion, such as had never before been witnessed in the respectable and well regulated purlieus of Portland Place. Either on foot or in carriages, for the withdrawing of the visitants rather resembled a disorderly flight, than an ordinary dispersion, the whole of the fashionables had presently betaken themselves to more appropriate haunts, leaving the scene of recent uproar to a melancholy tranquillity. Although the Duchess, by the assistance of some of her friends, had almost instantly re-established herself in her *toque* and peruke, she was too much mortified by the exposure she had suffered, and her apprehension of the ridicule which would be entailed upon her by Tom Raashleigh's satirical muse, to proceed to any other party; and she, accordingly, returned home in a most splenetic mood, vexed beyond all measure that she should have subjected herself to so much humiliation and annoyance, and yet not have succeeded in procuring the desiderated husband for Miss Borradaile.

Sir Matthew, the unconscious Marplot of all his lady's schemes and devices, had fallen fast asleep upon the floor, whence he was raised, and carried to bed in the arms of his servants. The weeping and trembling Cecilia—for she was both grieved and terrified out of her customary composure—had already obeyed the orders of her mother, by retiring to her apartment. Lady Middleton, shortly afterwards, did the same; but asleep, in the agitated state of her mind, being entirely out of the question, she threw herself into an arm-chair, covered her crimson face with her hands, as if she felt that she should ne-

ver be able to show it again, and, bursting into an agony of tears, remained for a long time overwhelmed with a painful and humbling conflict of shame, rage and vexation.

Thus ended the grand *soirée musicale*, which had been planned and executed with so much care, cost, and contrivance, and which, from its first concoction to its final failure, had heaped upon the meanly ambitious Lady Middleton nothing but bitter disappointment and pitiable degradation.

From the New Monthly Magazine for August.  
RECORDS OF PASSING THOUGHTS.

A SERIES OF SONNETS, BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

A VERNAL THOUGHT.

O FERTIL Spring ! 'midst thy victorious glow,  
Far spreading o'er the awaken'd woods and plains,  
And streams that bound to meet thee from their chains  
Well might there lurk the shadow of a wo  
For human hearts; and in the exulting flow  
Of thy rich songs a melancholy tone,  
Were we of mould all earthly ; we alone,  
Sew'd from thy great spell, and doom'd to go  
Farther, still farther, from our sunny time—  
Never to feel the breathings of our prime—  
Never to flower again !—But see, O Spring !  
Cheer'd by deep spirit-whispers met of earth,  
Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,  
As here thy birds and flowers press on to bloom and sing.

II.

TO THE SKY.

Far from the rustlings of the polar-bough,  
Which o'er my opening life wild music made,—  
Far from the green hills with their feathery glow  
And flashing streams, whereby my childhood play'd :—  
In the dim city, 'midst the sounding flow  
Of restless life, to thee in love I turn,  
O thou rich Sky ! and from thy splendors learn  
How song-birds come and part, flowers wane and blow.  
With thee all shapes of glory find their home ;  
And thou hast taught me well, majestic dome !  
By stars, by sunsets, by soft clouds which rove  
Thy blue expanse, or sleep in silvery rest.  
That Nature's God hath left no place unblest  
With founts of beauty for the eye of love !

III.

ON THE MEMORIALS OF IMMATURE GENIUS.

Oh ! judge in thoughtful tenderness of those  
Who, richly dower'd for life, are called to die  
Ere the soul's flame through storms hath won repose  
In Truth's pure ether, unperturb'd and high.  
Let their mind's relics claim a tasteful sigh !  
Deem them but sad sweet fragments of a strain,  
First notes of some yet struggling harmony,  
By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain  
Of many inspirations met, and held  
From its true sphere. Oh ! soon it might have swell'd  
Magnificently forth :—No doubt that He,  
Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve  
Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve  
Their grand consummate hymn, from passion-gusts made free.

IV.

ON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF A SKYLARK.

Upward and upward still ! In nearly light  
The clouds are steeped ; the vernal spirit sighs  
With bills in every wind ; and crystal skies  
Woo thee, O Bird ! to thy celestial height.  
Bird, piercing heaven with music, thy free flight  
Hath meaning for all bosoms,—most of all  
y those wherein the rapture and the might  
Poesy lie deep, and strive and burn  
In their high place. Oh, heirs of Genius ! learn

From the sky's bird your way !—no joy may fill  
Your hearts,—no gift of holy strength be won  
To bless your songs, ye Children of the Sun,  
Save by the answering flight—upward and upward still !

V.

A THOUGHT OF THE SEA.

My earliest memories to thy shores are bound—  
Thy solons shores—thou ever-chanting Main !  
The first rich sunsets, kindling thought profound  
In my lone being, made thy restless plain  
As the vast shining floor of some dread fane,  
All paved with glass and fire ! Yet oh, blue Deep !  
Thou that no trace of human hearts dost keep,  
Never to thee did Love, with silvery chains,  
Draw my soul's dream, which through all nature sought  
What waves deny—some bower for steadfast bliss ;  
A home to twine with fancy, feeling, thought,  
As with sweet flowers. But chastened Hope for this  
Now turns from Earth's green valleys, as from thee,  
To that sole, changeless World where "there is no more  
see."

VI.

DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING.

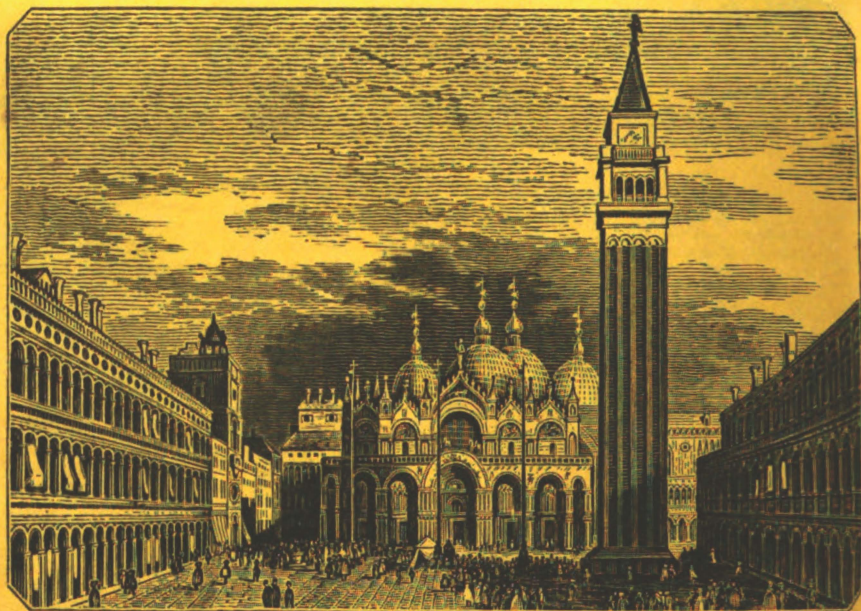
Yet, rolling far up some green mountain dale,  
Oft let me hear, as ofttimes I have heard,  
Thy swell, thou Deep ! when Eve calls home the bird,  
And stills the wood ; when summer tints grow pale,  
Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil :  
And peasant-steps are hastening to repose,  
And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups close,  
To the last whisper of the falling pale.  
Then, 'midst the dying of all other sound,  
When the soul hears thy distant voice profound  
Lone worshipping, and knows that through the night  
Th' will worship still, thou most its anthem tone  
Speaks to our being of the Eternal One  
Who girds tired Nature with unslumbering might !

'THE PROPHETIC DEW-DROPS.

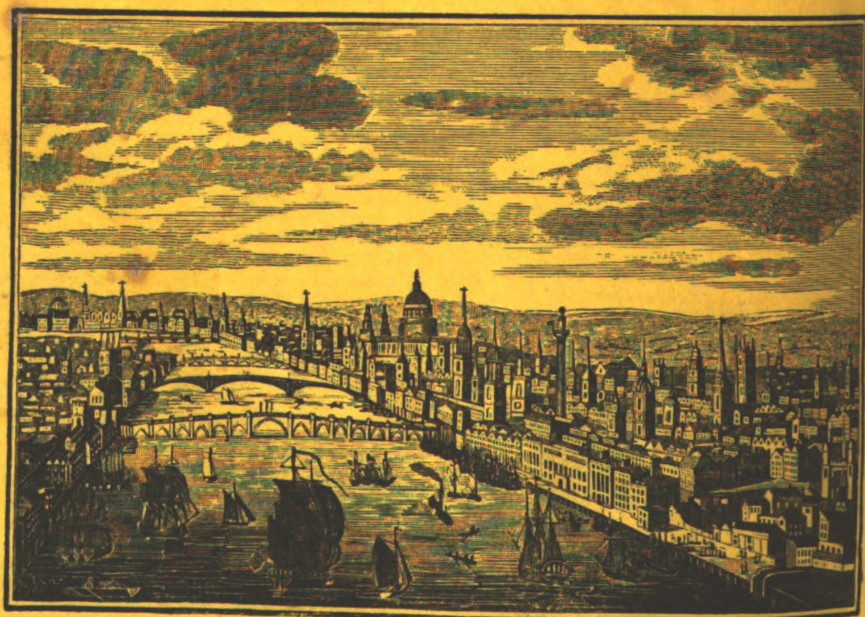
In a garden where flowers were blooming wild,  
One arid and sultry morning,  
There restlessly wandered a beautiful child,  
Whose sense was too clearly dawning :  
"Ah, father !" he cried,  
As the buds he eyed  
That languidly drooped before him—  
"The dew-drops to-day  
Have been snatched away  
Too soon, and we're left to deplore them !  
Alas, not permitted to glitter on flowers,  
As happier dew-drops have been,  
That have sparkled at eve on the moonlight hours  
Like fairy lamps o'er the scene.  
And liv'd through the night  
And the morning bright,  
On the buds, till the noon of the day :  
But the heat of the sun,  
Or his wrath, has undone  
These poor dew-drops, and chas'd them away !"  
Thus had murmur'd the child, when a fleeting show'r,  
Bore down from the darkening sky,  
And a rainbow appear'd ere the closing hour,  
As a beautiful arch upon high :  
"See the dew-drops fair  
In the rainbow there,  
More brilliantly set than before !  
So that which fades here,  
In a purer sphere  
Will re-bloom to be blighted no more !"  
While thus spoke the father, how little he knew  
That his words as prophesying fell,  
Or that the fair infant, soon fading from view,  
Ah ! would witness their truth but too well :  
For this child of light  
In the morning bright,  
Of his wisdom, too early given,  
By sickness assailed,  
Was even exhaled  
As a dew-drop from earth into heaven.







***St. Mark's Place, Venice.***



***River Thames, and City of London.***

## ST. MARK'S PLACE, VENICE.

THE beautiful building in which was formerly deposited the Library of St. Mark, is situated on one side of the Piazza di S. Marco. The architect was Sansovino, to whose genius Venice was indebted for many of her most magnificent structures. Jacopo Tatti, who afterwards assumed the name of Sansovino, was born at Florence, about the year 1479, and became the pupil of a sculptor, Andrea Contucci da Monte a Sansovino. His labours at Florence having rendered him much celebrated, he transferred his studio to Rome, where he became known, not only as a sculptor, but also as an architect of the highest talent. On the sack of Rome, in 1527, Sansovino was compelled to fly, and retreated to Venice, intending from thence to proceed to the court of France, whither he had been invited. Having been called upon to superintend the affairs of the Church of St. Mark, he executed this duty so much to the satisfaction of the Senate, that he was appointed to the office of chief architect of the republic.

The first building erected in Venice, from the designs of Sansovino, was the Zecca, or Mint, which was followed by that of the Library. In the execution of this work, however, the reputation of Sansovino was greatly endangered. Owing to some unforeseen cause, the roof of the Library fell in, an accident which was attributed by the Senate to the negligence of the architect, who was thrown into prison, heavily fined, and deprived of the office of protomastro. From this confinement, however, he was soon liberated, and being restored to his official situation, he continued to ornament the city with his splendid and classical designs. The remainder of his life was spent by Sansovino at Venice, where he died in 1570, at the advanced age of ninety-one, having embellished that city not only with its most magnificent buildings, but also with many beautiful specimens of sculpture.

The Library of St. Mark is said to be indebted for its origin to the generosity of Petrarch. The poet had visited Venice in the character of Ambassador from the Visconti, to negotiate peace between the Republic and Genoa; and the consideration and respect with which he was received, appear to have produced an impression upon his mind highly favourable to the Venetians. Visiting the city on another occasion, he announced his intention of bequeathing to the republic his library. The Venetians gratefully accepted this inestimable present, which became the foundation of the Library of St. Mark. Amongst the manuscripts collected by Petrarch were one of Homer, presented to him by Nicholas Segoros, Ambassador from the Emperor of the East; a Sophocles, which he had received from Leontius Pilate, his instructor in the Greek language; a Latin translation of the Iliad and the Odyssey by the same person, copied by the hand of his pupil Boccaccio, together with the greater part of the works of Cicero, which the poet had himself transcribed.

Stimulated, probably, by the example of Petrarch, Cardinal Bessarion, in the year 1468, presented to the republic of Venice his rare collection of Greek and Latin manuscripts. In the letter which he addressed on this occasion to the

Doge and Senate, he stated that, even from his boyhood, he had exerted all his labour, care and study, in the collection of books in every branch of literature. That, in his early youth, he had not only copied several volumes in his own hand, but had expended all the little money he could save in the purchase of manuscripts. That although he had ever been earnestly bent on such acquisitions, yet that, after the destruction of Constantinople, he had consumed his entire care, strength, power, and industry, in increasing his collection of the Greek writers; and that he had now selected the city of Venice as the depository of his library, on account of its admirable government, the number of Greeks who frequented it, and the benefits which he himself had derived from that city. This splendid gift was gratefully received by the Venetians, and by a decree of the Senate, was lodged in the ducal palace. The learned Sabellicus was the first librarian to whom the care of this collection was confided.

The chief benefactors to the Library of St. Mark, after its illustrious founders, Petrarch and Bessarion, were Geronimo Justiniani, Jacopo Nani, several members of the illustrious family of Contarini, Venturi Leonigo, Piero Morosini, and Nicolo Manuzzi. The librarians to whom the literary treasures of St. Mark were committed were of two classes, the superior or honorary librarian, and the acting librarian. In the list of the former, many of the most celebrated Venetian names are to be found—the warriors, the scholars, and the Doges of Venice. Of the acting librarians many have been distinguished by their attachment to literature, and by their successful efforts in its cause.

Venice has always occupied an illustrious station in the republic of letters. She claims, though the claim has been disputed, the glory of having been the first to introduce the art of printing in Italy. The manuscript treasures of St. Mark's Library, and the learning and munificence of the Venetian nobility, soon drew to that city the most distinguished printers of the fifteenth century. The *editioes principes* of many of the classical writers were ushered from the Venetian press, which also gave to the world the first edition of the Bible printed in Hebrew characters. To Venice also is referred the invention of newspapers, a very remarkable fact, when the nature of the government is considered. The name of Gazette is derived from *gazetta*, a small piece of money paid for the Venetian newspapers. In literature, the annals of Venice present a long roll of splendid names—scholars, poets, and philosophers.

## RIVER THAMES AND CITY OF LONDON.

London, the most ancient constitutional borough of England, is a city of great antiquity. Without going further back to the historical romance of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who attributes its foundation to a descendant of Venus and Anchises, and enumerates seventy successive kings before the invasion of Julius Cæsar, it may suffice our purpose to state that Cæsar gives no description, in his narrative of his conquests, of any other kind of town in Britain, than a thick

wood, fortified by a ditch and a mound. Hence, it is concluded, that London was commenced, or at least assumed the appearance of a town, at a later period even than the invasion of Caesar.—Tacitus is the first Roman historian who mentions London by name. He speaks of the number and opulence of its merchants, and the abundance of its provisions.

A continued struggle appears to have existed between the Roman generals and the natives of Britain under their queen Boadicea, Caractacus and their successors, till Agricola, with his legions achieved the conquest of nearly the whole Island. Agricola being appointed governor of Britain, exhorted the natives, says Tacitus, to cultivate the arts of peace, to build temples and houses, and imitate their enlightened conquerors.—This caused London to revive after the severe defeat of Boadicea to such an extent, that Herodian, in his life of the emperor Septimius Severus, who reigned from the year 193, to 211, calls it a great and wealthy city. It extended from Ludgate to Town Hill in length, and from the causeway above Cheapside to the Thames, in breadth.

The erection of the wall of London is attributed to Constantine the Great: it was adorned and strengthened with many towers of so firm a structure that two were in existence in Maitland's time; and Dr. Woodward doubts not, that nearly the whole circuit of the city wall as it stood in 1707, was erected upon the old Roman foundation, which comprehended an area of more than three miles in circumference.

When the mighty Roman Empire was crumbling to pieces, by slow but certain steps, the British island separated itself from its great protector. The Roman forces being withdrawn, the natives were left to the ravages of the Saxon pirates and their neighbouring enemies of Ireland and Caledonia.

It would not accord with our limits to quote a history of this great city to the present day.

A brief sketch, descriptive of the annexed engraving must suffice.

The first bridge in the centre is London bridge, the length of it is 915 feet. The second is Queen street bridge, consisting of three arches, it is constructed of iron, the length is 708 feet.—The third is Blackfriars bridge, 995 feet long.—The fourth is Waterloo bridge, 603 feet long and adjoins a large stone building on the right, named Somerset house, built by the proud duke of Somerset, and now used as offices connected with the government. The church with the tall spire next to the right is St. Bridges, near Blackfriars' bridge, built in the year 1680, and has the highest spire in London: the next church is St. Magnus. The principal building in the centre, is the celebrated building so well known, named St. Paul's Cathedral, built by Christopher Wren, the length of the church, including the western portico, is 514 feet, its breadth 386 feet, the height to the top of the cross, 393 feet, and diameter of copola, 145 feet; entire circumference of building 2222 feet. The next is Bow church, 228 feet high. St. Magnus is the next principal church at the foot of London bridge, a very old building. The custom house, to the right of London bridge, was built in 1817, its south front measures 466 feet, in length, and is 107 feet deep.

The monument above the custom house is a fluted doric column,—the diameter at the base is 15 feet, height of shaft 123 feet, the cone at top being a blazen urn of gilt brass, measures 43 feet, and height of massy pedestal 40 feet. The church with the pointed arches, is Allhallows Barking, built in the year 1651. The Tower is the next principal building, erected first by William the conqueror, and consists of four white towers: the extent of the tower within the walls being 12 acres and 5 rods.

**THE RIVER THAMES.**—This source of all the greatness and wealth of the metropolis of London, and one of its chief ornaments, deserves an especial notice.

The forest of masts which are presented by the shipping from London Bridge, fills every beholder with astonishment; but how much is this feeling increased, when in an excursion down the river, it is discovered that this forest covers the Thames for several miles, and also that all the docks are full of shipping.

The Port of London, as actually occupied by shipping, extends from London Bridge to Deptford, being a distance of nearly four miles, and from four to five hundred yards in average breadth. It may be described as consisting of four divisions, called the Upper, Middle, and Lower Pools, and the space between Limehouse and Deptford: Upper Pool extends from London Bridge to Union Hole, about 1600 yards; the Middle Pool, from thence to Wapping New Stair, 700 yards; the Lower Pool from the latter place to Horse Ferry Tier, near Limehouse, 1800 yards; and the space below to Deptford about 2700 yards.

The Thames rises two miles south-west of Cirencester, in Gloucestershire: at Lechlade, 138 miles above London, it becomes navigable for barges of 80 or 90 tons: it is navigated by ships of 700 or 800 tons up to London Bridge, and by the largest ships to Deptford and Greenwich. The tide flows eight miles in four hours, as high as Richmond, but the water is not so high as Gravesend, which is thirty miles below London Bridge. At London, it is about a quarter of a mile broad, and at Gravesend, about a mile. Its whole course is about 200 miles.

Its fall from Oxford to Maidenhead, is 25 feet every 10 miles, and thence to Brentford, 20 feet every 10 miles, but the fall from Brentford where the tide ends, to the Nore, a distance of 60 river miles, it is but seven feet.

The southern banks of the Thames, contiguous to the bridges, for a considerable extent, are lined with manufactories and warehouses; such as iron-founders, dyers, soap and oil-makers, glass-makers, shot-makers, boat-builders, &c. &c. To explore these would repay curiosity; in a variety of them, that powerful agent steam, performs the work, and steam engines are daily erecting in others.

The mercantile importance of this noble stream is greater than that of any other river in the world. Its merchantmen visit the most distant parts of the globe; and the productions of every soil, and of every clime, are wafted home upon its bosom, to answer the demands of British commerce. The frozen shores of the Baltic and North America, the saltry regions of both the



Indies, and the arid coasts of Africa, have alike resounded with its name; and there is not a single country, perhaps, in any quarter of the earth, bordering on the sea, but what has been visited by its sails.

It deserves to be remarked in conclusion, that notwithstanding the very existence of London depends on the navigation of the Thames, inasmuch that if this river were rendered unnavigable, London would soon become a heap of ruins, like Nineveh and Babylon, yet some of the passages of this important river, below the Nore, are suffered to become half choked, and almost impassable, from the increase and shifting of sand-banks.

**CITY OF LONDON.**—It is impossible, in our limited space, to furnish any like a complete sketch of the city of London, or indeed even to glance at the numerous public buildings which ornament its various parts. Most of our readers, we presume, have formed some idea, from their readings, of the extent, magnitude and wealth of the city, and it is therefore unnecessary for us to enter into a minute detail. The annexed sketch of London—taken from the travels of Count Pocchio—will, however, probably be new to some.

If the sky is dark, not less gloomy is the whole first appearance of London to him who enters it by the Dover road. The smoky colour of the houses gives it the appearance of a city that has been burnt. If to this be added the silence which prevails in the midst of a population of, perhaps, one million four hundred thousand persons, all in motion (so that one seems to be in a theatre of Chinese shades), and the wearisome uniformity of the houses, almost all built in the same style, like a city of the beavers, it will be easy to imagine, that on first entering this darksome hive, the smile of pleased surprise soon gives way to a gloomy wonder. This was the old English style of building, which still prevails in the country. But, since the English have substituted the blue pill for suicide, or, still better, a journey to Paris; and, instead of Young's Night Thoughts, read the romances of Walter Scott, they have cheered up their houses with a coat of white, and have recently rebuilt the western part of the capital "west end" in a gayer and more varied style of architecture.

The houses are small and fragile. The first night I spent in a lodging-house, I deemed myself still on board the vessel; the walls were equally slender, and, in great part, of wood, the chambers small, and the staircase like a companion ladder; the walls are generally so thin, that they allow the passage of sounds without interruption. The lodgers would hear one another talking, but that they are accustomed to speak in an under tone. I could hear the murmur of the conversation of my neighbour overhead,—my zenith, as well as that of the other neighbour beneath my feet, like the opposite point nadir; and I distinguished, at intervals, the words, "Very fine weather,—indeed—very fine—comfort—comfortable—great comfort" words which occur as often in their conversation as stops and commas in a book. In a word, the houses are *ventriloquous*. As I said before, they are all uniform. In a three-story house, there are three

bed-rooms, one over the other, and three parlours in the same situation, so that the population is as it were, warehoused in layers, like merchandise—like the cheese in the storehouses at Lodi and Codogno. The English have not chosen without design this (I will venture to call it) novel architecture. The advantages they derive from living in houses of small size and durability are these: in general, a house is only built for 99 years; if it outlive this term, it belongs to the proprietor of the ground on which it is built. It seldom happens, therefore, that they attain to any great longevity; on the contrary, they sometimes tumble to pieces before the natural period of their existence. The English, who are better arithmeticians than architects, have discovered, that, by building in this slippery manner, they consume less capital, and that consequently the annual interest and the annual loss of principal are proportionately less. There is another advantage: by this method, posterity is not hampered or tyrannised over. Every generation can choose and build its own houses, according to its own caprices, and its own necessities; and, although in a great measure composed of wood, all the houses are as it were incombustible, by means of the insurance companies, which guarantee the value of the house, the furniture, and every thing else. A fire is no misfortune, but merely a temporary inconvenience to the inmates; a something to look at for the passengers, and an entertaining paragraph for the newspapers. To an Englishman, his house is his Gibraltar; he must not only be inviolable, but absolute, without dispute or fuss. He prefers living in a shell like an oyster, to living in a palace with all the annoyance of a hen-roost.

Why are not the English good dancers? Because they do not practise. The houses are so small and so weak, that he who would cut a caper in the third story must run the risk of thundering like a bombshell down into the kitchen, which is placed under ground. This is no mere hyperbole of mine. One of the stipulations on taking a house in London, is often that no dancing shall take place in it. Why is it that the English gesticulate so little, and have their arms almost always glued to their sides? For the same reason, I believe: the rooms are so small that it is impossible to wave one's arm without breaking something, or inconveniencing somebody.

In London I have often risen early, in order to be present at the spectacle of the resurrection of a million and a half of people. This great monster of a capital, like an immense giant awaking, shows the first signs of life in the extremities. Motion begins at the circumference, and, by little and little, goes on getting strength, and pushing towards the centre, till at ten o'clock commences the full hubbub, which goes on continually increasing till four o'clock, the Change hour. It seems as if the population followed the laws of the tide until this hour; it now continues flowing from the circumference to the Exchange. At half past four, when the Exchange is shut, the ebb begins; and currents of people, coaches, and horses, rush from the Exchange to the circumference.

## VISITS AND SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE following beautiful and pathetic story is taken from the first volume of a new work, by the accomplished Mrs. Jameson, called "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad."

## A SISTER'S LOVE AND COURAGE.

My heroine—truly and in every sense does she deserve the name—was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine-merchant of Deuxponts. She was one of five children, two much older and two much younger than herself. Her eldest brother was called Henri: he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determined to give him all the advantages of a learned education, and sent him to the university of Erlangen, in Bavaria, whence he returned to his family, with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with all a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow-citizens, "tall, and handsome, and good," of a most benevolent, enthusiastic temper, and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes in the north of Germany, with whom he travelled, I believe, in the capacity of secretary. The name of the prince, and the particulars of this part of his life, have escaped me; but it appeared that, through the recommendation of this powerful patron, he became professor of theology in a university of Courland, I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight-and-twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with the daughter of a rich Jew merchant. His religious zeal mingled with his love; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her—and, in fact, the first was a necessary preliminary to the second. The consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the correspondence, and the young Jewess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica, I know not, but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced, and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptized, and to become his wife.

Apparently their plans were not well-arranged, or were betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force; and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal, and the accused defended himself by declaring that the girl had fled with him by her own free will: that she was a Christian, and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or had gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter, and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but by the order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into the court of justice, pale, trembling and supported by her father and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos? She answered in a faint voice, "No." Had then violence been used to carry her off? "Yes." Was she a Christian? "No." Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband? "No."

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth

—from all he could have anticipated—the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupefied; then, as if seized with a sudden phrensy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wrested from him; in the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became suddenly calm, offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his family after the lapse of many months, but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Riga, for the purpose of obtaining some information, some redress, he returned without having effected either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died: his mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingered on in heartwearing suspense. At length, in the beginning of last year, (1833,) a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquired for the family of Ambos. He informed them that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rags, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals, near the forests of Barinsk, in Siberia, who described himself as Henri Ambos, a pastor of the Lutheran church, unjustly condemned, and besought him with tears, and the most urgent supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and beseech them to use every means to obtain his liberation.

You must imagine—for I cannot describe as she described—the feelings which this intelligence excited. A family council was held, and it was determined at once that application should be made to the police authorities at St. Petersburg, to ascertain beyond a doubt the fate of poor Henri—that a petition in his favour must be presented to the emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die if her husband left her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake the journey, and urged that, as a woman, she had more chances of success in such an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and being amply furnished with the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl, set off alone, on her long and perilous journey. "When my mother gave me her blessing," said she, "I made a vow to heaven and my own heart, that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother. I feared nothing. I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I had not a doubt of my own success, because I was resolved to succeed; but ah! *Ma chère mère!* what a fate was mine! my poor old mother!" Here she burst into tears, and threw herself back in the carriage; after a few minutes she resumed her narrative.

She reached the city of Riga without mischance. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to St. Petersburg, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June, 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particu-

larly with one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title *M. le Pasteur*. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the police the official return of her brother's condemnation, place of exile, punishment, etc.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these, and with the assistance of her good friend the pastor, she drew up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the petition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and added brutally—"Your brother was a *mauvais sujet*; he ought not to be pardoned, and if I were the emperor I would not pardon him."

She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven, exclaimed with fervour—"I call heaven to witness that my brother was innocent! and I thank heaven that you are not the emperor, for I can still hope!"

The minister, in a rage, said—"Do you dare to speak thus to me! Do you know who I am?"

"Yes," she replied; you are his excellency the minister C—; but what of that? you are a cruel man! but I put my trust in heaven and the emperor; and then," said she, "I left him, without even a courtesy, though he followed me to the door, speaking very loud and very angrily."

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers, (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hardship of the case, still refused to interfere, or deliver her petition,) she resolved to do, what she had been dissuaded from attempting in the first instance—to appeal to the emperor in person: but it was in vain she lavished hundreds of dollars in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she beset the imperial suite, at reviews, at the theatre, on the way to the church: invariably beaten back by the guards, or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectual attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening—threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials—Providence raised her up a friend in one of her own sex. Among some ladies of rank, who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise, something or other, whose name I did not write down. One day, on seeing her young *protégée* overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion, "I cannot dare to present your petition myself, I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain the audience under my name; when once in the presence of the emperor, you must manage for yourself. If I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?"

"And what," said I, "was your answer?"

"Oh!" she replied, "I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown!"

I asked her whether she had not feared to risk the safety of her generous friend? She replied, "That thought did not strike me—but what would you have? I cast it from me. I was resolved to have my brother's pardon—I would have sacrificed my own life to obtain it—and, heaven forgive me, I thought little of what it might cost another."

This plan was soon arranged, and at the time appointed my reckless heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman,

with three *laquais* in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise—, who supplied a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few moments she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back—

Here I could not help asking her, whether at that moment she did not feel her heart sink?

"No," said she firmly; "on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher! I sprang forward and knelt at his feet, exclaiming, with clasped hands—"Pardon, imperial majesty! Pardon!"

"Who are you?" said the emperor, astonished, "and what can I do for you?"

He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers, and evermore, even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and said, "May it please your imperial majesty, I am not Countess Elise—, I am only the sister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on false accusation. O pardon!—pardon! Here are the papers—the proofs. O imperial majesty!—pardon my poor brother!" I held out the petition and the papers, and at the same time, prostrate on my knees, I seized the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips. The emperor said,

"Rise, rise!" but I would not rise; I still held out my papers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them. At last the emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the other, saying,—

"Rise, *mademoiselle*—I command you to rise." I ventured to kiss his hand, and said, with tears,

"I pray of your majesty to read that paper."

He said, "I will read it." I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him while he unfolded the petition and read it. His countenance changed, and he exclaimed once or twice,

"Is it possible?—This is dreadful!" When he had finished, he folded the paper, and without any observation said at once,

"*Mademoiselle Ambos*, your brother is pardoned." The words rung in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saying, and yet I scarce knew what I said, "Your imperial majesty is a good man upon earth; do you indeed pardon my brother? Your ministers would not suffer me to approach you; and even yet I fear —" He said,

"Fear nothing: you have my promise." He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and bless him, but could not; he held out his hand for me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room.

"Ach ja! the emperor is a good man—ein schöner, feiner, mann! but he does not know how cruel his ministers are, and all the evil they do, and all the justice they refuse, in his name!"

[The excitement and fatigue produced a severe attack of illness under which she was still labouring, when, on the fifth day after her interview with Nicholas, a *laquais* in the imperial livery came to her lodging with a sealed packet, and "the emperor's compliments to *mademoiselle Ambos*." It was the pardon for her brother.]

Those mean official animals, who had before spurned her, now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the minister C— offered to expedite the pardon himself to Siberia, in order to save her trouble; but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands: she determined to carry it herself—to be herself the bearer of glad tidings: she had resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of which had entered her soul; so, having made her arrangements as quickly as

possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days. According to her description, the town in Siberia, to the governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled was at a great distance beyond that. I could not well make out the situation of either, and, unluckily, I had no map with me but a road map of Germany, and it was evident that my heroine was no geographer. She told me that, after leaving Moscow, she travelled post seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights; alone, and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation, which had been given to her at St. Petersburg.

At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the pardon, with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy, too great to be restrained, almost to be borne. The officer looked very grave, and took, she thought, a long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six or eight lines. At last he stammered out,

"I am sorry—but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper—is dead!" Poor girl! she fell to the earth.

When she reached this part of her story she burst into a fresh flood of tears, wrung her hands, and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of grief.

"Ach lieber Gott! was fur ein schrecklich schicksal war das meine! What a horrible fate was mine! I had come thus far to find not my brother—*war ein grab!* (only a grave!)" she repeated several times, with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man had died a year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of horrid suffering, death released him. The task-work, for nearly five years, of this accomplished and even learned man in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, chained hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE CRUISE OF THE MIDGE.

The period was now approaching when we were to part company, the *Gazelle* for Jamaica, and the *Midge* for Havana; and on such a day, having received my orders, we altered our course a point or two to the northward, and lost sight of the *Commodore* before the night fell.

Nothing particular occurred until we arrived within a couple of day's sail of Havana, when we made out a sail lying becalmed right a-head; we carried the breeze up to within half a mile of her, when it failed us also, and there we both lay rolling on the glass-like swell of the great Bahama Channel, one of the hottest quarters of the globe in a calm that ever I was in. The heat was absolutely roasting.—The vessel we had seen was a brig with bright sides, which, as we approached, had hoisted a signal of distress at the main peak, the American ensign, with the stars down, and stripes uppermost. I immediately manned a boat, and pulled towards her, for apparently she had none of her own. As we neared her, the crew, some six or eight hands, were running about the deck, and holding out their hands imploringly towards us, in a way that I could not account for. As we came closer, the master hailed us in a low husky voice, "For Heaven's sake send some water, sir, we are perishing of thirst—water, sir, water if you please." I was now alongside, when three

men absolutely tumbled over the brig's side into the boat, and began, before we could recover our surprise, to struggle who should first get his lips into the small puddle of dirty water in the bottom of it. Brackish as it must have been, it was drank up in a moment. The extremity of the poor fellows was evidently great, so I jumped on deck, and immediately sent back the boat for a breaker of water, with orders to pull for life and death.

Sailors have their virtues and their vices like other men but I am not arrogating when I say, that a scene like this, in all its appalling bearings, that misery, such as we saw before us, so peculiarly incidental to his own condition, would, were it from this cause alone thrill to a sailor's heart, with a force unknown and undreamt of by any other human being. Dogvane, the old quarter master, had steered me on board. He now jumped up in the stern sheets, and cast off his jacket—"You Jabbe, you limber villain," said he to a slight boy who pulled the foremost oar, "come out of the bow, and take the tiller, will ye? and mind you steer steady. Shift forward my hearties, and give me the stroke oar." The boat's crew at this hint tore their hats off, with a chance of a stroke of the sun before their eyes, and threw them to the bottom of the boat, stripped up their frock sleeves to their armpits, undid the ribbons that fastened their frock collars, new fitted their stretchers, and wetting the palms of their hands, feathered their oars, and waited for his word. "Now mind you strain, my lads," again sang out old Dogvane, "until the boat gathers way—to springing of the ash staves, do you hear? Give way now." The boat started off like an arrow—the oars groaned and cheeped, the water buzzed away into a long snow white frothy wake, and in no time she was alongside the felucca, on whose deck, in his red-hot haste, Dogvane first toppled down on his nose, and then bounded down the main-hatchway; in another moment a small cask, ready slung, slowly ascended, and was rolled across the deck into the boat. But this was not all; the *Midges* on board the felucca were instantly all astir, and buzzing about at a devil's rate—out sweeps was the word, and there was the little vessel torn along the shining surface of the calm sea, right in the wake of the boat, by twelve long dark sweeps, looking for all the world, in the distance, like a beetle chasing a fly across a polished mirror, blinding with intolerable radiance under the noonday sun.

It appeared that, first of all, the brig had been a long time baffled in the Horse latitudes, which ran their supply of water short; and, latterly, they had laid ten days becalmed where we found them. Several days before we fell in with them, they had sent away the boat with three hands to try and reach the shore, and bring back a supply, but they had never returned, having in all likelihood either perished from thirst before they got to land, or missed the brig on their way back. No soul on board, neither captain nor crew, had cooled his parched tongue for eight-and-forty hours before we boarded them—*this is such a climate!*

There was not only no water, but not a drop of liquid unconsumed of any kind or description whatever, but some new ruin, which the men had first made use of at first, until two of them died raving mad in consequence. When I got on board, the cask was lying on the tap, and perishing as they were, not one of them could swallow a drop of it if they had tried; they said it was like taking motion lead into their mouths, at any time when driven, by the fierceness of their sufferings, to attempt to assuage their thirst with it. I had not been five minutes on board, when the captain seemed to go mad altogether.

"My poor wife, sir—oh, God, she is dying in the cabin, sir—she may be dead—she must be dead—but I dare not go below to look at her. Oh, as you hope